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# THE ETERNAL VERITIES

# The Eternal Verities

## *For the Teachers of Children*

*"Let each child's mind be as a pleasant inn, where gentle thoughts of service may enter and abide."*

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS
Los Angeles, California
1921

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS


| | Page |
|---|---|
| PREFACE | |
| SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS | 1–5 |
| LESSONS, I TO XXII, *inclusive* | 6–149 |
| APPENDIX | |
| MUSIC | |
| Chant of First Truth | 153 |
| The First Truth Song, or "Theosophy" | 154 |
| Karma—The Second Truth Song | 156 |
| Chant of Reincarnation—The Second Truth | 157 |
| Song of Reincarnation | 158 |
| Song of the Third Truth | 159 |
| Easter Song | 162 |
| Christmas Song | 164 |
| AN EASTER LETTER | 165 |
| THE CHRISTMAS LESSON | 171 |
| STORIES | |
| Socrates Teaches a Child | 182 |
| One Who Found The Gem | 198 |
| Socrates Teaches a Young Man | 202 |
| The Tale of The Tower | 209 |
| The Eternal Miracle | 216 |
| From The Book of Images | 220 |
| Three Who Sought Out The Way | 226 |
| From The Book of Images | 231 |

# PREFACE

The effort has been made in these lessons to carry out the suggestions regarding the teaching of children, made by Madame Blavatsky in the Key to Theosophy. The object of all true education, she says, is to cultivate and develop the mind in the right direction; to teach people to carry with fortitude the burden of life allotted them by Karma; to strengthen their will; to inculcate in them the love of one's neighbor and the feeling of mutual interdependence and brotherhood; to train and form the character for practical life.

A proper and sane system of education should produce the most vigorous and liberal mind, strictly trained in logical and accurate thought, and not in blind faith. How can you expect good results, while you pervert the reasoning faculty of your children by bidding them believe in the miracles of the Bible on Sunday, while for the six other days of the week you teach them that such things are scientifically impossible?

Children should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else, to *think and reason for themselves.* We would reduce the purely mechanical work of the memory to an absolute minimum, and devote the time to

the development and training of the inner senses, faculties and latent capacities. We would endeavor to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full natural development. We should aim at creating *free* men and women, and above all things, *unselfish*. And we believe that much if not all of this could be obtained by *proper and truly theosophical education.*

---

In this day and age of entertaining rather than instructing children, of gratifying each least desire, pandering to each whim, the stern old truths have an uncompromising reality which puts modern methods at strange variance, but in the five years of testing out these lessons with children of from five to twelve years, a really phenomenal success has added one more to the ever-increasing list of vindications of Madame Blavatsky's far-seeing wisdom. By "phenomenal" success we mean only that the children have been taught to *think;* that they look at life with clear eyes; that they daily apply the *principles* of Theosophy and have distinctly improved their natures—as is the testimony of parents, their teachers of Theosophy, and their public school teachers as well. As a matter of fact, they have given a new meaning to the phrase "Thou must become as a little child," for the readiness with which

they grasp and apply the universals puts adults to shame.

Somewhere our system is wrong that selfishness prevails, low ideals, and irresponsibility, but can we expect else from our competitive methods of education—from the learning of effects only rather than causes and effects, from the study of one set of particulars merely added to another unrelated set of particulars? Only when the basic understanding of all men is that of the eternal verities will true education begin. To speed that day is the mission of this humble book—the work of many loving hands and hearts—made possible, encouraged and guided by one who followed in the path of the predecessors without the shadow of a turning. To him, the beloved Teacher, Robert Crosbie, it is dedicated, for his teaching was Their teaching —the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky, of W. Q. Judge, pure and simple—and gratitude to him is but a link in the Great Chain which holds us to Masters' course.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

I. The division into lessons need not be considered arbitrary. Some classes according to age or capacity may need more, some less, than any particular lesson offers. But it is imperative to keep strictly to the subject matter of a lesson: For instance, in a lesson on the First Truth, let there be no discussion of Reincarnation or Devachan. One of our main objects is *Concentration;* so, while countless illustrations might be used on a lesson other than the lesson suggests, they should all have a very direct bearing and application.

(a) Teachers should find ample illustrations in looking back to their own childhood; but care should be taken to use them in the *third person.* The impersonal idea so sedulously presented by all the Lodge work is just as necessary and valuable here as elsewhere—in fact, maybe *more* necessary for the children.

II. The work of the teacher is to present the *Principles* clearly and forcibly and thoroughly; but brilliant teaching is not expected. The more the teacher keeps herself in the background with the idea of bringing out the children, the better the teaching will be considered. Draw

out of the children their own *Applications* as much as possible. Don't let a lesson go by without every child in the class having an opportunity to express himself. Let each one take his time to think; don't pass over the slow one; don't help him too much; don't let the others press their own answers instead of his—not until they are asked. In retelling a story, let each child have a share, relay fashion.

III. Don't keep the lesson going over an hour. Better fifteen minutes less than five minutes more. A certain discipline is necessary—such as makes for proper attention. *Attentiveness* is a part of the application of what they learn.

IV. Try to keep the devotional side of the teaching always fresh in their minds. Impress the importance of using the first chant every morning on arising, every evening on retiring. With that idea on retiring they come back to waking consciousness with the idea of service strengthened for the day. Keep reverting to the idea of the Path.

V. The supplementary reading suggested need not be taken up in class, other than by general remarks to the children who have done the reading. It is given by way of indication that they keep their eyes open to see the truths in whatever they read, and to judge of its value from that point of view.

VI. The importance of keeping the memory verses in proper form and *order* should be insisted on, and books or cards for them inspected at certain intervals. The verses and songs should be thoroughly memorized before receiving the slips. The Dennison labels which may be pasted on a card are satisfactory for this work.

VII. Two teachers should preferably handle the work of each Group. The teacher actively handling the lesson should ask the assistant teacher (tasks may be alternated or not, as seems best) to make a report on each lesson — the report, if possible, written on the same day as lesson is held. In this way, the teachers have before them the difficulties suggested by the lesson for each child, and a way may be arrived at to meet them before another lesson.

VIII. If possible, the two teachers of any Group should get together for study of the lesson to be presented the following Sunday. Consultation with teachers of older groups may also prove valuable, as well as teachers' meetings.

IX. Where there is inattention, oftentimes it is good to revert to the songs and chants. It rouses the children, and then the lesson may be continued.

X. Don't be afraid of repetition and repeti-

tion, also of reviewing. But fresh study on the part of the teacher is what gives a better grasp of the subject, and so the children take fresh hold.

XI. Whenever possible, keep in touch with the parents of the children, finding out, after suitable time, if any difference is noted in their general attitude and behavior in "daily life." Encourage parents to present to you any problems they may have in regard to the children, so that applications may be made generally in the lessons, from which the child may get a cue.

XII. The stories connected with these lessons do not lay claim to any aesthetic value, but may more properly be termed illustrations. Literature is full of really wonderful stories which may reveal deeper meanings to the child from having reasoned and made practical application of these principles. Even the school-readers yield a wealth of illustration, especially from Greek and Norse mythology, which the children are eager to bring to class.

XIII. After this series of lessons has been reviewed many times, by Truths, and as a whole, it will not be found difficult to go anywhere in Theosophical literature for a fresh start from which to emphasize these eternal verities. For that reason additional references in brackets are given to other books and the

magazine Theosophy, to help in the work of extension and expansion, and more advanced Theosophical stories are included in the Appendix.

XIV. Correspondence on the subject of teaching the children will be gladly attended to by the

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[NOTE:—In *"Secret Doctrine"* references the letters O. E. mean "original edition"; the letters N. E. mean the "new" or "third edition".]

## LESSON I.

CHANT: Music, page 153.

"Children of Light, as ye go forth into the world, seek to render gentle service to all that lives!"

THE MEANING OF THE CHANT:

Every day of our lives we are on a journey. All men down through the ages have been on the same journey. It is the journey to find the Truth, the Soul, God, the Light, Life. We can find this Holy Mystery only because we are that mystery ourselves. And finding it means knowing it from living as It. Many, many ancient legends tell about this search for the Light. Have you read of Jason's search for the Golden Fleece? Do you remember the twelve labors of Hercules? Do you know about the hero Achilles, and about the wanderings of Ulysses? King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table were banded together to search for the Holy Grail, and they knew they could find it only as they did service to all who needed help and protection. In ancient Egypt, men were sent on their pilgrimages of service with this chant upon their lips.

The Path just now lies right in our own door-yard—right in our school-room. We do not need seven-league boots to be on this Path.

There is a story of a man who started on a search the world over to find a simple four-leafed clover. Weary and old with failure he came back to his little cottage, and found his door-yard sweet and green with nothing but four-leafed clovers! Without moving is the going on this Path. But we need guide-books for all that, and these men who have gone the way before us have given us the guide-book to use. It is Theosophy. The Truth is to be known only within ourselves. All the truth in the world is useless to each one unless each one knows it. But Theosophy, the great truths, as they have been learned by Great Ones long ago, is held up before us as a mirror where we may look to see Truth and recognize it as ourselves. Theosophy points the way to think and live. We, by thinking and living service, come at last to know that we are God—Life—Truth.

THE LESSON:

THE FIRST TRUTH is God-Life-Spirit-Consciousness (such a long word this last!) All the words mean the same thing. So when you hear one word, or read it, try to think of the other three. And don't think "my spirit", "my life", "my God", "my consciousness". Wouldn't it be foolish for a little sunbeam dancing out on the Pacific Ocean to say "my Sun"? Because everywhere else in the Universe would be sunbeams just as much a part of the sun as

that sunbeam. All the sunbeams come from the Sun; there would be no sunbeams without the Sun. So, the little sunbeam would be wiser to say joyfully to his little brother dancing on the next wave, "You, too, are the Sun. And on the Atlantic Ocean are still more brother sunbeams. High up on the mountains are more of our brothers. Away off in the city streets our brothers shine."

All men who are alive are our brothers. All beasts and birds and reptiles and plants and stones are our brothers because they too are alive. They too are part of the rays of the great Sun of Life.

You didn't think stones were alive? Well, they are. They don't move about as we do, but wise men have discovered that every atom in them is in constant motion—whirling rapidly. There wouldn't be that motion without Life.

Had you ever realized that plants have blood and nerves like ours? No, not the same kind of nerves and blood, of course, but a kind of blood that takes nourishment as ours does, and a kind of nerves that feel hurt or kindnesses as ours do.

You have suspected that some dogs and horses and cats think, haven't you? Yes, they do, in their way. But it is not as we think. We can say, "I think that dog is thinking." But the dog does not think "That is a boy, and I am a dog." The dog sees many things, but

cannot to himself tell one from another. The real seeing is not with the eyes, but with the mind; it is within us. When we shut our eyes and see nothing, *we* are there knowing the eyes do *not* see. This kind of seeing we may call perceiving. The dog seems to know a great deal, but he does not know that he knows. He sees a great deal with his physical eyes, but he does not see with his mind. His perceiving for the most part is in his feelings of hunger, thirst, heat and cold. Only Life, Light, and Consciousness *can* perceive. The Light in the dog does not shine so far as does the Light in men. The Knower in us, the Perceiver in us, the Thinker in us, is the Self, the God. It is That which says "I". The dog is conscious, but cannot say nor feel "I". We boys and girls and men and women can see and understand all other kinds of beings, as well as ourselves. They are all our brothers—their life coming from the same Life, the same Spirit, as ours.

Have you ever wondered about that strange being—"I"? And did you think it was your body, with its clothes? Because it couldn't be, or it would be a different "I" every time you put on another suit. Or did you think it was your feelings? It couldn't be your feelings either—for they change so often—and that strange "I" never changes at all. Well—all the time—that "I" was not your body, nor your feelings, but the one who wondered, who

did the thinking; the one you could not see nor hear nor touch. And isn't it strange that That without which there would be no life or being anywhere is That which can not be seen nor touched—but just *is* in us, in every creature, in every form of Life? And it *is* everywhere —always.

APPLICATION:

When you waken in the morning think, and say in your mind, and chant it, "Child of Light, go forth into your day, striving to render gentle service to all that lives."

Knowing that you are brother to all that lives, you will know that you speak harshly to yourselves, if you speak harshly to another. You hurt yourself if you are unkind to a dog or a cat, or step carelessly on a little worm. You hurt yourself when you kick a stone in anger —for the stone is a brother life.

End with Chant.

N. B.—Seven names learned for first Truth: God, Life, Spirit, Soul, The Truth, The Light, Consciousness.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING:

Tanglewood Tales, Hawthorne.

Tales of King Arthur.

(JANET MCDONALD CLARK edition, published by Dutton, especially attractive.)

Emerson's Each and All.

Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal.

TEACHERS' REFERENCE:

Ocean of Theosophy, Chapter I.
First Fundamental Proposition of the Secret Doctrine, Proem and Summing-Up.
Modes of Consciousness, in "Because."
From the Upanishads, pages 35-45, 66-67.
The Song of Life, pages 45-55.
(Rendered by Chas. Johnston.)

## LESSON II

REVIEW OF LESSON I.

CHANT.

I. What does the Chant mean? (Help everyone and everything, because all that live are our brothers.)

II. What is the first Truth?

III. Give the seven names you learned for it.

IV. Where is this Truth to be found? (In ourselves.)

V. What did the story of the man and the four-leafed clover teach you? (That we don't have to go on a long journey to find the Truth; it is in ourselves; in our homes and schoolroom we may find it.)

VI. What is the guide-book we use to help us find the Truth in ourselves? (Theosophy.)

VII. Can you name living things that are our brothers?

VIII. What makes you think stones are alive? (The particles that make them up are in motion. The motion shows they are alive.)

IX. If you hurt some other person, how many do you hurt? (All other persons and things, including myself.)

X. Suppose you kick a stone in anger. Do you hurt the stone? (Yes, it is a brother life. I hurt all other living things as well. Then, too, that stone may some day be thrown to hurt someone.)

XI. What is it in us that perceives and thinks? (The God.)

XII. What is it that always is, and never changes? (The God.)

XIII. What is it that can never be seen nor touched, but is That without which there would be nothing anywhere? (The God.)

XIV. The Riddle.

XV. The Story.

XVI. [One Who Found the Gem (Appendix, page 198), suitable on review after all the lessons have been studied.]

XVII. End with Chant.

TEACHER'S NOTE:

See "Five Years of Theosophy," article on "Transmigration of Life Atoms," and especially H. P. Blavatsky's Note thereon.

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## THE STORY OF THE BROOM

In India, in ancient times, a little lad of twelve was taken by his parents to the college of the Wise Men, that he might learn to be wise and holy, too, to help his fellow men. But the lad really would have preferred

to stay with his brothers and sisters and friends, to play their games, to roam when he pleased in the fields, to swim when he chose in the river. The beautiful temple where Wise Men taught seemed lonely and cold to him; his lessons did not last all day, though they were interesting at the time, and his tasks for keeping order in the building where he lived grew daily more irksome.

Morning after morning Subba might have been seen sweeping out the Council-room with indolent strokes of the broom,—then resting in the open door, thinking of his playmates in the town who had only the task of amusing themselves. Hot resentment against this place of Wise Ones and the task would flame in his face, and as he walked up the path, he kicked the stones in impotent anger and, muttering, struck aside the branches of a shrub growing out a little over the path.

No one knows if that little lad ever became the Wise Man his parents hoped for—a Teacher for other little lads, wilful and selfish as he was—but fifty years after his boyhood time, another lad with the same daily tasks came to his Teacher and said:

"My Teacher, it is my task to sweep out the Council-room each day, and this week I was given a new besom. This besom is so different from the old one, I cannot make it sweep well. It is hard and stiff and when I have at

last gathered up the dust in a little pile, suddenly the end of the besom will give a jerk and the dust be scattered again. May I not have my old besom back?"

"My Son," mildly replied the Teacher, "I think you can do better than that." Then he looked with intent eye at the refractory broom, and the picture of the lad of fifty years before came clear to his view. Turning kindly again to little Gargya, he said:

"The impatience and anger of a lazy boy is in that besom. Long ago he daily passed the way of the shrub that grew to make it, and to it, as he brushed it aside in anger, he passed on the angry atoms of his own body. You have learned how our bodies are changing all the time, throwing off old atoms and taking on new—and that other forms of life take on what we throw off and give back to us again. It isn't so strange that this besom is unruly, you see, with so many atoms of it impressed by impatience and anger.

"But I said you can do better than cast it aside. Tell me, have you patience, Son?"

"I try to do my tasks well, O Teacher, but now I see I might be more patient."

"Have patience then with this unruly besom, lad, and in three moons' time bring it to me again."

In three moons' time, the lad came to his

Teacher with smiling face, the besom in his hand, and said:

"O Teacher, my besom has learned well. It is better now than the one I wanted back."

"Good, my Son," replied the Teacher. "It *has* learned well. And now I know you *do* have patience. Only a patient lad could have taught and changed that besom, wronged so long ago by impatience and anger."

[This story affords the departure of "Concentration" as an application, on review after the whole series has been studied. The every-day practice of it in small ways in time leads us to the place of the teacher in the story.]

## A Riddle—Who Can Guess?

The butterfly's unsteady wing
  Would lead you to adjudge him blind;
He seems a senseless, aimless thing,
  But he is guided, you shall find;
Led on by some sure-thinking power
  To find his feast in honeyed flower.

Who brings him past the naked stone,
  Where neither fruit nor blossom is?
Who shows him where to find his own
  And guides him to the thing that's his?
Some one must hide in robes of air,
  Who knows his life's unworded prayer.

C. C. Woods.

## LESSON III

REVIEW:

I. Give meaning of chant. (Brotherhood.)

II. Give the seven names for the first Truth.

III. Tell "Story of the Broom." What does it teach?

ADVANCE LESSON.

Memory verse: "Act for and as the Self."

(Explain meaning. The Self—another name for the seven which mean the first Truth.)

STORY: "Life"—a Fable.

(A Fable is a story in which we learn a lesson or truth through the speaking together of animals, or plants, or any forms of life, that do not have the power of speech such as men have. In ancient days, for instance, the Greeks thought of the heavens as a being, who could speak—of the sea as a being who lashed the waves or made them calm, as a man would; in fact, they personified all the forces of nature so continuously that finally they began to worship those persons behind them all. So men to-day call those old Greeks heathen or pagans, while they themselves forget how the Self is in all things that move or have form; they cannot see the wisdom buried in the fables of ancient people. But children who know Theosophy must look deep into the tales of those many gods and goddesses for the powers of nature they represent, and the truths they hide.)

Application ot story.
Another application of memory verse.
End with Chant.

---

## "LIFE"

### A Fable

Once upon a time, the King of the Air, the King of Fire, the Earth King, and the Water King met together to decide which of them was greatest, and most fit to be King of all the Nature world, and of man.

They had been quarrelling about it for a long while, and thought it was about time to settle the question; so they invited every thing in the world to come, and asked each one to say which King he thought should be the one great King of all.

It was like a wonderful party,—only it was very serious, because it was such an important thing, they thought, to decide.

The Wind and the Wave, and Sun and the Moon and the Stars were there; the Thunder and Lightning came together, the Mountains, and all the Four Seasons (who knows what they are?); the Fruit Fairies and the Grain Fairies, and the Flower and Tree Sprites, the Fishes, the Birds, and Beasts, the Bees and Insects and Beetles,—oh, everything you can think of! (Who can think of something else?)

Yes, all were there except Man,—he didn't seem to think it important to go,—but Mother

Nature was there, sitting on a very high seat where she could see all that went on. (Do you suppose that high seat was the sky?)

Of course, they had to have a judge, and everyone agreed that Life would make the best judge, to decide between the Kings; so when all were there, Life stepped before them so that all could see her.

She was dressed in the loveliest garment of shining colors you ever saw. It was so bright that it hurt their eyes to look at her, as it does yours when you look at the sun, you know. And so they all covered their eyes. But when Life saw this she spoke to them so gently and kindly that it was like the sweetest music, and they all stood up and looked at her again. This time, the brightness didn't dazzle them but just seemed to fill them through and through with happiness and loving thoughts.

Then a wonderful thing happened. As they watched Life, her dress began to change color, —from beautiful glowing red, to a shining orange, and then to yellow and into the loveliest green like the sunlight on the grass; then into blue, and to a still darker blue, and then to violet; and all the time shining and glowing with light, like beams from the Sun.

Well, as they watched those lovely dancing sunbeams shining from Life, what do you think? They saw, all of a sudden, that the same beams were shining through each one of them,

too; and they were so surprised! You see, they always thought that each one had a little separate life all his own, different from every one's else—when it was really only their bodies that were different. And now the Life-Light was so bright that for the first time, they could see it shining through each one, and through Life herself, and it was *all the same Life;* no different in the rainbow than in the rose,—no different in the beetle than in the bee,—nor in the song of the birds nor the singing of the trees.

Now, this was all very wonderful, but, of course, each one could see only all the rest; he couldn't see himself yet. You know you can't see yourself unless you look in a mirror, and Life had not yet shown each one in her magic glass that the same life was shining through one as through all.

So each one thought, that though, of course, as he could see, all the *rest* had the same Life in *them, he* must be different himself!!! One foolish little Bat flew out and told them *he* could see right through them all, but no one could see through him,—so *he* should be their ruler! He strutted and puffed, so that every one laughed loud and long at him. This wounded his vanity and the foolish little Bat collapsed completely and fell down on a heap of stones!

Suddenly something happened. The Kings began to think that they weren't getting noticed

enough, so each one, to show he was stronger, began to do terrible things! King Fire grew hotter, and hotter, and nearly burned everyone up. The Wind blew so loudly and long, it tore up all the trees and rocks and made a dreadful noise. The Water fell in great rains and the Oceans spread over everything. The Earth shook down the hills and mountains. Then the Sun hid his face and everything grew cold, and froze, and it was all dark,—and no Life could be seen anywhere. Oh, it was dreadful!

Now Mother Nature had been watching things, you remember, all this while, and she thought it was about time to interfere; so she came forward, and waved her wand, and commanded them to behave!

"How selfish you are;" she said, "don't you see, that by each trying to get the best for *himself,* everything is being spoiled, and no one is getting anything? In a little while all your bodies would have been so destroyed that Life would have had no place to live, and would have had to go away from here. She is almost gone now, but perhaps I can call her back, for she can never die, you know." So Mother Nature called and called, while they waited, ashamed and sorry for what they had done, and hoping it was not too late to try again. Suddenly the lovely light shone out once more, and Life stood before them more beautiful than ever! And her eyes were so bright and clear,

that as they looked in them, they understood, at last, that *there* was the Magic looking-glass, and so they saw *themselves* just as before they had seen all the rest; and knew that it was the same Life—Light—Spirit—God in every one—all in one,—and one in all.

APPLICATION:

You and I can no more live separate and apart from all our brothers, than the heart, or stomach, or breath in our bodies can say, "I am all; I am separate from the other motions in the body."

What would become of you if your heart should say, "I don't care what becomes of the stomach." What would be the result if the stomach should say, "I don't care anything about the lungs; all I want is to be filled up and to get what I want." What, do you think, would happen, if the brain should say, "I have no use for the body; I am the whole thing in this body, and I will just move on without being troubled with the rest of it that is always ailing and hindering my progress." Do you think the stomach would be full or even care to be full very long? Do you think the heart would sing in its rhythmic beat and tick the clock of time very long?

Every time we are angry or selfish; every time we take what belongs to another; every time we try to get what we have not honorably

earned; every time we are unjust, or seek to injure; or every time we are even unkind to another, we are doing all this to ourselves, for the one we injure is a part of the same great body.

———"all things do well which serve the Power
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly
Globing together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life."
(From the "Light of Asia".)

## LESSON IV

REVIEW:

I. Each repeat—"Act for and as the Self."

II. Give meaning. (Do the best for all others —never thinking of *my*self.)

III. Who remembers the Fable?

IV. Tell it. What lesson does it teach? (The same life is in all things, and each does service where he is.)

V. Give the names for the first Truth.

ADVANCE LESSON:

"These two, *light* and *darkness,* are the world's eternal ways." (To be learned.) This light and darkness we see outside ourselves. The Light that means Life, Spirit, Consciousness, is within.

MEANING:

We wouldn't know what light is without darkness; what heat is without cold; what pleasure is without unhappy times; what good is without bad. Light is the opposite of darkness; good is the opposite of bad; pleasure is the opposite of pain. (Who can name other opposites?) Haven't you noticed that sticks always have two ends? That every coin has two faces? Life acts in these two ways; Spirit causes all

actions of all kinds; Consciousness looks at all the actions, and knows whether they are good or bad. The only way we know anything is by being "conscious" of it. When you for the first time came into this room, it looked just the same as it does now, but this time there is a picture or a vase that you never saw before. It was there, but you did not know you saw it; you were not *conscious* that it was there. So consciousness sees the light and dark, the heat and cold,—the ways of Nature in the world, and in boys and girls, too. We can never make the excuse we do not know a good act from a bad one, because we do; we are *conscious* of which is right. It is the choice of the right each time that makes our journey shorter to the Light and Truth. It is the Self that is the Chooser. "These two, Light and Darkness" are our ways. The "world" is *ourselves*. There is even an opposite to The Self—that is, *my*self.

THE LESSON:

"God cannot be less than space." (Learn.)

The space where you are sitting now was there just the same before you sat down. It will be there still when you get up. This house is in space, but if it were suddenly burned down the space would be there just the same. Supposing you had a powerful pump that would even take all the air out of the room, still the

space would be left. Supposing you found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, you'd still be there looking off into space. The sun is ninety millions of miles away from us in space. Beyond that is still other space, and far as you can imagine the farthest star, there is space beyond and beyond. You can't think, hard as you try, where space begins and where it leaves off. Everything is in space, and if there were nothing we could see anywhere, there would still be space. Every being, however noble and good and wise, exists in space. So space is greater than any being. Surely, God cannot be less than Space.

Now you can't say that Space is good, can you? Or that it is bad. You can't say that it is happy or unhappy, that it is cold or hot. Just so, you cannot say that God is good, or happy, or loving. Pleasant summer breezes come out of space; fearful hurricanes, tornadoes, and blizzards come out of space. These are the world's ways. Space is neither good nor bad, but in Space all things, both good and bad, spring up.

God, or Life, or Consciousness, is neither good nor bad. It *is* in all things; there is nothing without it; all things are in it. Can we see it? Or weigh it, or measure it? Has it any color? Even in ourselves, can we see it or feel it? Each can only say "I am."

A Wise One instructing his disciple said:

Put this salt in water, and come to me early in the morning.

And he did so, and the Master said to him:

That salt you put in the water last night—bring it to me! And looking for its appearance, he could not see it, as it was melted in the water.

Taste the top of it; said he. How is it? It is salt; said he.

Taste the middle of it; said he. How is it? It is salt; said he.

Taste the bottom of it; said he. How is it? It is salt; said he.

Take it away, then, and return to me.

And he did so. And the Master said to him:

Just so, dear, you do not see the Real in the world. Yet it is here all the same. And this soul is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self.—(From the Upanishads.)

Space is without color or weight or size, and of it we can only say "It is." God cannot be less than Space. That in us that we can never see nor touch nor hear is our very real Self. That is God. We have to act for, and as it, in order to know it, because *we* are that *Self* of all creatures. It is the God that causes all things, that really made these bodies of ours. How may that be? Well, think of the fish that live in Mammoth Cave without eyes. If they are brought out into a stream in the air and sunshine, after a time they grow eyes to fit the new conditions! Then there is in Aus-

tralia the Kiwi-kiwi bird which has lost the wings it once had, because no longer is there need for it to fly from wild beasts into the tree-tops. So our bodies are only instruments for Consciousness to look through, as we look through a microscope or telescope, in order to learn the Great Truths about the Soul—and it makes the bodies according to our needs.

APPLICATION:

A knife, a pair of scissors, or a match, may save your body, or kill it, in a very few moments of time. *You* have the choice as to how you use them.

You can use your match to light a fire which may cook breakfast for hundreds of people. Only a lighted match may burn a city.

A train of cars will carry people spinning along like the wind in safety, so long as the engineer keeps his head clear, his engine in order, and the tracks hold firm. But if the engineer stops paying attention to his task, how long would all those people be safe in the train?

It is not enough to learn how to light a match or run a steam-engine; we must know how to bring the greatest good to others in all that we do. So we go forward on that small old Path—the Journey of Life.

End with Chant.

[From "Gorgo"—see page 182 in Appendix.]
[Chap. I and Chap. VI in "Because."]

## LESSON V

REVIEW:

I. Give the seven names for the first Truth.

II. What are other names you have learned for the first Truth? (The Self—The Chooser —The Thinker—The Knower—The Perceiver —The Real—The Changeless.)

III. What is the memory verse you learned about the Self? (Act for and as the Self.)

IV. Who can give the memory verse about the opposite ways we see in the world? (These two, light and darkness, are the world's eternal ways.) Name other opposites.

V. Is this light you speak of the same as the Light that means Life, Spirit, Consciousness? (We see this light outside; but the Light that is Life is within.)

VI. Where do light and darkness come from? (From Space.)

VII. Who can tell me how big Space is?

VIII. What is more than Space? (The one who can tell about it. Consciousness, Life, Spirit.)

IX. Why is it impossible for us to think of God as a being? (Because space is outside every being. No being could be as great as Space.)

X. What memory verse gives you an idea that God is everywhere? ("God can not be less than Space." Space is everywhere. Even if there isn't any world, there is Space.)

XI. How is Space like our very real Self? (We can't see it, nor weigh it, nor measure it; but everything comes from it, just as all our actions, good or bad, are watched by our real Selves.)

XII. Then God is not good nor bad? (No, but is the Chooser about doing good or bad.)

XIII. If you had a match given you, and told to use it, what would you do with it—remembering you are to "Act for and as the Self?"

XIV. Other illustrations: Money, clothes, books, toys, flowers, candy, etc.

STORY: How To Be Happy. Bring out difference between little girl's and lower kingdoms' acting. (She, the Chooser; they followed their own natures.)

End with Chant.

APPLICATION FOR LESSON V:

## HOW TO BE HAPPY

Helen was a little girl.

One morning she sat in the garden looking very sad, for Helen wanted to be happy, and she wasn't.

Along came Mr. Worm, creepy, creepy over the grass.

"O, Mr. Worm," said Helen, "are you happy?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," answered Mr. Worm.

"I wish I were," sighed Helen, "will you teach me how to be?"

"Why, that's easy," said Mr. Worm, "just stick your nose into the ground, and wriggle like me, and you'll be happy."

So Helen stuck her nose into the ground, and wriggled like Mr. Worm. But she got her nose all muddy, and her dress all mussy; and she wasn't happy.

Very soon she saw Mr. Squirrel in a tree.

"O, Mr. Squirrel," said Helen, "are you happy?"

"Why, of course!" answered Mr. Squirrel.

"I wish I were," sighed Helen, "will you teach me how to be?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Squirrel. "There's nothing nicer than taking a flying leap from one tree to another. Just try it and you'll be happy."

So Helen tried it. But she scratched her hands and tore her dress, and when she tried to jump from one tree to another she fell down with a big bump; and she wasn't happy.

Just then she saw Mrs. Cat washing herself in the sun.

"O, Mrs. Cat," said Helen, "are you happy?"

"Always," answered Mrs. Cat, without stopping.

"I wish I were," sighed Helen. "Will you teach me how to be?"

"It ought to make you happy to sit down here in the sun and wash yourself. You need it." answered Mrs. Cat.

So Helen sat down in the sun, which was most uncomfortably hot, and tried to wash herself with her tongue like Mrs. Cat. But it was not fun at all, and the mud on the end of her nose tasted horrid and gritty; and she wasn't happy.

So she walked way down to the end of the garden. And there under a rose-bush, sat The-Nicest-of-All Fairies. When she saw Helen she said:

"What's the matter, little girl? You don't look happy!"

"Oh, I'm not," answered Helen, "and I want to be—very much!"

"Very well, I'll tell you how. Only you must do exactly as I say," answered The-Nicest-of-All-Fairies.

"I will, I will," cried Helen, "if only you'll make me happy."

"Then turn right around, and go back to the house. Go to your Mother's room and do what your heart tells you to do."

So Helen turned right around, and went

back to the house and upstairs to her Mother's room. Mother was making a dress for Helen. The room was very hot and it wasn't at all fun to sew, but Mother wanted to get the dress finished for Helen to wear next Sunday. When Mother saw Helen she said:

"Why, Dearie, are you tired of playing in the garden?"

And Helen's heart told her the answer.

"Yes, I'd much rather be up here helping you, Mother. Let me pull out the bastings. . . ." So Helen sat down in her little chair beside Mother, and pulled out bastings.

And what do you suppose? Before you could count, 1, 2, 3, and say Jack Robinson——

Helen was Happy!

Do you know why, Dear?

By BRENDA PUTNAM.

[John Martin's Book, August, 1916.]

Yes, it is the nature of The Self to "render gentle service."

## LESSON VI

REVIEW: Catechism.

SONG: Music, page 154.

### "THEOSOPHY"

We have come in search of Truth
  Trying with Theosophy
Door by door of mystery;
  Learning from Theosophy.
We are reaching through all laws
  To the garment hem of Cause,—
*That,* the endless, unbegun,
  The Unnamable, the One
Light of all our light the Source,
  Life of life, and Force of force.

[Adapted from Whittier's "Lines to Agassiz."]

What new names are given in this stanza for the First Truth?

THAT, The Unnamable, The One Source, The One Force, The Cause of All.

Q. What is Theosophy?

A. The guide-book which shows us the right way to think and live.

Q. What is the First Truth?

A. Life or Spirit or Consciousness or The Self. Many people use the word "God" for this Truth.

Q. How can you describe The Self?

A. You cannot describe The Self. The Self *is*.

Q. Where is The Self?

A. The Self is in all things—in men, in animals, in plants, and stones.

Q. Can you see this Self?—or weigh it?—or measure it?

A. No.

Q. Why can't you see it?

A. Well, our eyes can see objects. We say we have eyesight. But we can't see eyesight. So the Self can see all things, but cannot see itself.

Q. How, then, do you know that this Self is in all things?

A. Because all things and people have different ways of acting and thinking and seeing and living. Life of any kind is The Self. It is the same Life in all.

Q. But surely a stone or a plant does not think?

A. Yes, stones and plants "think" in their way.

Q. How?

A. Well, a stone is made up of tiny atoms whirling rapidly. That motion is Life—and Life is the Self. The atoms of the stone "think" in motion.

Q. And how do plants think?

A. Plants grow from seeds. *Growing* is

their way of thinking. They also have blood and nerves that show how much more they can think than stones.

Q. Do animals "think" the way men think?

A. No; an animal sees and does more than a plant does; but it cannot say—"This is a plant, and I am an animal." It does not know the difference. A man can say, "I am a man. That is an animal. This a beautiful plant." A man thinks the most and sees all the differences between himself and other living things. He knows he is thinking.

Q. What is the cause of all these living beings?

A. The Self.

Q. Where do they all come from?

A. They come from The Self.

Q. Can you tell me how?

A. Well, just as the sunbeams come from the Sun. There would be no sunbeams without the Sun. Every sunbeam is a part of the Sun.

Q. Did The Self have a beginning?

A. No.

Q. Will The Self have an ending?

A. No. We can only say The Self always is.

Q. Is there no idea you can give me to show how The Self or Life or Spirit or Consciousness can have no beginning nor ending?

A. Yes, the idea of Space.

You can't think of the farthest star without thinking there is Space beyond. If there were no worlds, nor peoples in them, there would still be Space. Before this world was, there was Space; when this world goes out of existence, it will go into Space.

Q. Surely no being could be as great as Space?

A. No, because Space would be outside of any being. So you see people who think God is a being, have a very small idea of God. God, or Life, or Consciousness—The Self, cannot be less than Space.

Q. Why is it important to know that The Self is in all things and that all things exist because of The Self, or Life, or Consciousness?

A. Because, if we all come from the same One Life, then all people and all living things are our brothers. So, if we are unkind to one, we are unkind to all, including ourselves.

Q. But if all are The Self alike within, how can you be anything but kind? Is not God good?

A. No, God is not good, nor bad.

Q. Can you explain that to me?

A. Well, just Space—with nothing in it, isn't good, nor bad. It is only when there is a world with people in it that people see the difference between actions. Then there are light and dark, heat and cold. It is the God,

The Self in us, that sees the difference between light and dark, that acts, but can act either in a good way, or in a bad way.

Q. Are light and dark, or heat and cold, good or bad?

A. No, but too much light might make a man blind. The blindness would be bad. The sun causes flowers to grow; but it also gives a man sunstroke. So the sun isn't bad nor good, but its "acts" are sometimes bad and sometimes good.

Q. Are we like the Sun? Do we have to cause both good and bad?

A. We are like the Sun because we do both good and bad. But we don't have to. We *can* do only good, because we can *choose* what we shall do. The Self in us is the Chooser. We know when our acts will be bad, because they will do harm to others. So we can always choose to do the good act.

Q. What memory verse shows us the way to act?

A. "Act for and as The Self."

Q. Does that mean to act selfishly?

A. No; it does not mean to act for *my*self, or selfishly; but to act for all other selves, unselfishly. The Self is in all things, and we must act to help all other people and things, not *my*self. We shouldn't think *my*self but The Self. Our bodies are just like telescopes through which The Self looks. Or just like

the wires through which electricity acts; the body is a set of wires through which the Self acts.

Q. Why do you use so many names for The Self? I have heard you say Life, Spirit, Consciousness, the Perceiver, the Thinker, the Chooser—as if all mean the same.

A. Yes, and there are still other names, but all of them are only symbols for the One Reality, which can not be described, or named, but which we are ever seeking, because we are It. If we used one name all the time, we might make our ideas small. We do not use the word "God" much, because so many people have such small ideas of God. They think God is a great being outside of us and the world. That is a very wrong idea.

Q. I can see how you can act to help your brother or sister or mother or friend; but how can you act to help a plant or an animal or a stone?

A. We can help a plant by giving it water when it is thirsty, by loosening the soil around its roots. We can help an animal by being kind to it, and taking good care of it. We can help a stone by using it only in a good way. To use it to throw to hurt a person or an animal or a plant would hurt the stone. It would hurt us most of all, but because the same Life in us is in the stone, and animal and plant, we would harm all these other lives too.

Q. Do you consider the plant or animal or stone is your brother, then?

A. Yes, we are brothers to all that live—and everything we see is alive in some way.

Q. Do animals and plants know they, too, are brother lives?

A. In their way, they do. For instance, some ants are fed by the juicy leaves of a certain plant, and they, in return, keep away other ants which would destroy the leaves. Other plants, without this juice to offer for the food of the beings, are eaten by the destructive ants. And then there is the story of a little bird, dying of thirst beside a pool of water too low for it to reach. A dog passing came to help by rolling small stones into the pool until the level of water was raised so that the bird could reach it.

End with Chant.

## LESSON VII

OPENING: Song of The First Truth.

ADVANCE LESSON. The second great Truth is LAW.

The second great Truth is not another different Truth from the First Truth; it just unrolls out of the first, as a plant does from a seed. There wouldn't be the plant without the seed; there wouldn't be the second Truth without the first. Now we remember the Self—Life—Consciousness—is within us and within all things; so we see LAW, as the Self unfolds itself in each and all in this great Universe. Do you see this Universe is just a symbol of The Self?

Universe, remember, means the turning of the One Life—all that can be seen anywhere in Space of stars, suns, earth, sky, air and oceans. The ancient Greeks pictured the Universe as a great egg—with the sky for its shell. Because all are from the One Life, if we understand about any one thing thoroughly we shall know about all the others. So we shall learn much about the Universe, if we study today about Life in the egg.

First, there is a tiny point of Life (the first Truth, you see) in the egg, which some day is

going to break the shell and come forth in a chick's body. If we had microscopes, we could see that tiny point of Life, stretching out on either side of itself, until it becomes a line from one side of the shell to the other. Next thing we know, that same point of Life is stretching out up and down—and becomes a line from the top of the egg to the bottom! So then we have the form of a cross right in the egg. That is why the cross is a symbol of The Self acting in the body. Just notice, too, that when we hold our arms straight out from our bodies, we make the form of a cross. Then, too, we might think of our earth as an egg. Do you see how the equator and the north and south poles came to be?

Well, you see, that line in the egg is the *action* of Life. *Always,* in every egg, that little point of Life stretches out into that line; it always acts that way, stretching out in two opposite directions, east, west—north, south. So we say, we see LAW at work. LAW is the name we give to Life's eternal way, or action. Seeing LAW in the egg, now you understand better, don't you, that "These two, light and darkness, are the world's eternal ways." These opposite ways of action *must always be,* wherever there is Spirit, Life, Consciousness. That is LAW. And from the way we see LAW work from the Life in the egg, we can under-

stand how it is that LAW is within all things —not outside. The tiny point of Life in the egg is the cause of the line; the Self is the great Cause of all action. Without the point would be no line; without the Self would be no action anywhere—and so, no LAW. But the Self is everywhere, in all things. So wherever there is action, there is LAW.

This is a Universe of Law. (Learn.)

The simplest things we do are according to LAW. We breathe in—and out. That is the only way we *can* breathe. That is LAW.

We walk, according to LAW, on the ground, instead of in the air. Our bodies are made out of earth stuffs, and so they are attracted to the earth. So the bodies pull toward the earth, and we pull them back at the surface, where we keep our equilibrium.

That is the way the earth stays in space, over 90,000,000 miles from the sun. The sun attracts it just so far, and why it stays at that distance—balanced—in equilibrium, as we say, we shall see by studying a pair of magnets.

Each magnet has two opposite poles, positive and negative; if we put each positive against each negative, the two magnets cling together. If we put each positive opposite each positive the magnets push away, or are repelled. The sun is a great magnet; the earth is a lesser magnet; so when the earth gets a certain distance from the sun, it becomes mag-

netized like the sun, and therefore pulls away. All the planets of our solar system have their motions regulated by the more powerful attraction of the sun. But it is the law *in* each body which acts with that *in* the other bodies; we observing the action, always the same, say: That is LAW.

Just so, the tides of the ocean come in and go out again. The ocean is attracted by the moon and then the earth pulls it back again. But always the tide comes in for six hours; goes out for six hours. That is LAW. Never by any chance does the tide come in for three hours, and go out for nine; come in for eight hours and go out for four.

It is LAW that holds the earth, and sun, and stars, trees, bodies of all kinds in their very shape. Do you remember that the stone that seems so hard is made up of tiny atoms whirling around a central point? Life—The Self—is the central point of all forms and beings. Once LAW should disappear from all these things, our Universe would be gone. Don't you remember how this nearly happened in the Fable? (Give main points.)

There is a great lesson for us in a pair of scales. In order to get the correct weight of some object, we have to put an equal weight on the other side. So we get the scales in balance, or equilibrium. This kind of balancing

is going on all the time in this Universe. This is LAW—and this keeps order.

APPLICATION:

It is such an orderly Universe isn't it? Planets, stars, suns, moons—all stay in their exact places according to LAW. It looks as if we might think of our bodies as small universes, which we, the Self, must keep in order. Our heart and head and stomach and blood and nerves are to be kept in equilibrium, and then we shall be strong. And then, it seems so sensible for Mother to have us keep all our possessions in order—if order is in all things in the Universe. The more orderly we are, surely the more we are acting for and as The Self; the better we render gentle service. And now we see that the laws men make to punish wrong-doers and keep order everywhere are just in imitation of the great LAW of the Universe.

So what we have learned about the second Truth is:

*This is a Universe of Law.*

End with Chant.

## LESSON VIII

OPENING: Song, "Theosophy."

I. What is the second great Truth? (LAW.)

II. What is LAW? (The name we give to Life's eternal way of action.)

III. Where is Law? (Within all beings—within the Self.)

IV. What does Universe mean? (All things and beings everywhere in Space that come from The One Life.) [Unus=one: Vertere=to turn.]

V. How did the ancient Greeks picture the Universe? (As a great egg with the sky for a shell.)

VI. What is the Universe a symbol of? (The Self acting in a body.)

VII. How does The Self—or Life—act in an egg? (The point of Life becomes a line—to right and left, or east and west—then north and south.)

VIII. What law does this illustrate? (Life always acts in opposite ways. "These two, light and darkness, etc.")

IX. What lesson does a pair of scales teach you? (That the opposite sides have to balance to get right weight; so all things in the

Universe, to be in right order, have to have equilibrium, or balance.)

X. If this is a Universe of law and order, how should our knowing it remind us to act? And why? What would happen in the universe if the LAW suddenly stopped working?

XI. Give illustrations of the working of LAW.

XII. Why do all cities and states and nations make laws? (So that they may have order in the city, state, and nation; as it is in the universe.)

XIII. What, then, have you learned about the second Truth, to say in one sentence? (This is a Universe of LAW.)

STORY: Susie, the Chooser.

End with chant.

[Socrates Teaches a Young Man, page 202, Appendix.]

[Chap. III in "Because."]

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## SUSIE, THE CHOOSER

The nursery was a sight! Mrs. Newton's accustomed eyes surveyed a disheveled scene. Susie had been having a Theosophical School for a large and rather mixed family. The nursery floor was strewn with Teddy-bears of all sizes and ages, several rabbits likewise, a

varied collection of dolls, some in the pink of perfection, some looking fearfully overworked and bearing indelible signs of ardent affection. I haven't time to tell you of all the things that lay on that floor, but it was very plain indeed that nothing had been picked up all day.

"Susie," called Mrs. Newton, "I want you to tidy your nursery before supper!"

Susie was having an exciting race on her tricycle with the little girl who lived across the street. The thought of going indoors and doing anything as uninteresting as putting away toys took all the joy out of the evening for Susie.

"Yes, Mother," she replied promptly. But she didn't go promptly! Oh, no! she waited for just one more spin up and down, and one more spin up and down, until she was called in to supper before she knew where the time had gone to.

After supper while it was still light, they all went out to see a new rose that was in bloom. Susie lingered in the garden. The sky was still in a sunset glow, the evening was very lovely, and Susie thought of her nursery with a shudder of dislike.

At last she went in. Someone had turned on the light, and it glared piteously down on the wreckage. Susie could just reach the switch. She did so in haste, and, slamming the door, she dashed into the livingroom, kissed Mummy

and Dad "goodnight" in a hurry, and soon was in bed and not long after was asleep.

* * * * * *

The people moving around looked like shadows. The sky was gray and dead. Everyone looked dull and sad. They groped in the gloomy dusk and spoke in hoarse voices from which the warmth of life seemed to have gone. Susie heard some of them saying that something had gone wrong with the sun. They did not know whether they would ever see it again; it had somehow gone out of its right track and had disappeared in the great unknown spaces of the sky.

(You know Susie was quite little, only six, and she thought the sun moved around the earth because it looks as if it does.)

Everyone was very sad as I have said, and some of the children began to cry and say that they wished the nice, warm sun would come back. Susie thought of the glory of the last sunset she had seen and she tried dreadfully hard to swallow something that was sticking in her throat, and wiped away, very fast, something wet that was rolling down her cheeks, because she feared that never again would she see anything so beautiful.

Next thing she knew she was in her own beloved little garden, and what do you think? There were no pretty pansies, roses, Canter-

burybells, nor any of her favorites to be seen, nor any that were not her favorites, for that matter. All the plants in the garden were growing with their roots sticking up in the air, and the flowers were buried in the earth. Susie picked up her spade and began to dig. She worked so hard, and dug such a deep hole, but the flowering end seemed to get further away all the time.

Then the scene changed suddenly again, the way it does in dreams (for I know that you have guessed that this was a dream). Susie was standing down by the sea, watching the waves as she always loved to do. The sky was still black and there was a crowd of sad, anxious people hurrying to and fro. The great breakers crashed down on the sand as if they were angry with it and wanted to hurt it and then swept up, up, up the shore, spreading white foam along the beach as far as the eye could see. Higher and higher swept the waves. Men hurried around with sand in sacks. Then at last a man who held a watch in his hand cried out in a loud, frightened voice:

"The tide has not turned! The tide has not turned! It has been coming in for long beyond the right time. This has never happened in the world before! We shall all be drowned, fly for your lives! Fly!"

All turned and ran far inland, but the sea

kept coming in and pounding just behind them. Susie heard some one say:

"It seems as if there is no law and order in the Universe!"

She was so tired, and at last, when she felt as if she could not take another step, and would have to let the waves overtake her, she opened her eyes and found herself all under the covers of her own little bed.

She lay and looked out of the window at a large bright star in the heaven, and she thought:

"Oh, how glad I am that there is law and order in the Universe! I wish I had tidied my nursery last night. That was a moment of choice, when I turned out the nursery light and left my toys, and I chose the crooked path. I will straighten it up first thing in the morning."

She did too.

Sometime I will tell you more about Susie.

## LESSON IX

OPENING: Song—"Theosophy."

ADVANCE LESSON: Law as Karma.

We can't see law any more than we can see The Self. We can see only how it acts. We know now that this is a Universe of Law—that the sun, moon, stars, earth, ocean, and the small earths we call our bodies, are all obeying Law and so keeping order. They don't know they are obeying, but they do obey; they cannot act in any other way than as they do act. But we can act as we choose; we are the Thinkers and the Choosers, who can obey or disobey the Law, though still the Law goes on without our obedience or disobedience. Just as the Self is the cause of the Universe and its Law, or way of action, so we, the Thinkers, are the cause of all that comes to us in our bodies. Now all men and women call that *Law* which holds the universe in its place, but there most people think Law stops. Only the wise men of old and only Theosophy, as we are learning it, see the Law in everything, in every body, in every circumstance. They have named this Law—*Karma*. While it means Law, it gives a larger idea of Law than most men have. It means action; it means the balancing of action;

it means the Law of all visible things, and the Law of men's minds and hearts, as well. It is the Law of every being, and is felt by each being according to its degree. You can understand that the wild animal, which doesn't choose to obey or disobey, feels Karma more as the sun and earth do. But men, who are always thinking, always feeling, always choosing, make more Karma for themselves and for other beings—that is, there must be many more balancings in their scales of Life. So it is the Karma of men, of ourselves, we shall find most interesting to study about.

Review lesson of "Susie, the Chooser."

Please tell it.

Well, Susie did not do the right thing when she should have. Perhaps she would have said she didn't think. But she did. Only her thought was so swift she didn't recognize it. There is always a thought, an idea, before we do anything. Susie did not think in a true way, of course, or she would have done at once what her Mother asked. She wouldn't have been thinking of her own fun, but of helping Mother—acting for and as the Self. Susie's dream that night was Karma—what grew out of her wrong thoughts and disobedience. But then she learned a lesson from the dream, and that again was Karma. Now the good thoughts from that lesson will keep her from many other

wrong actions, and be the seed to make good actions instead. All that is Karma—and all of it was wrapped up in that little moment of choice, when she thought to disobey.

*Karma, as Cause and Effect.*

The big oak tree out on the avenue teaches us the same lesson. How much comes from a tiny seed! Just that tiny seed, planted probably 250 years ago, was the cause of that big tree of to-day. There was just a slender little plant at first, then it showed more branches, twigs, and leaves; it has been growing all the while into this lovely tree with many huge limbs and branches, and many times it has blossomed and let its acorns fall, from which probably many more trees have grown,—all according to Law. Well, our thoughts are seeds like the acorns, and Karma is all that grows from the acorn into the tree. Karma isn't one twig, or branch, or limb alone—but each one and all that comes from the acorn,—tree and new acorns, too. Thoughts are very important, now, you see, for their action, or Karma, never stops. One thought or act, toward one person, passes on and on to many, many persons. So the seed grows into the tree of Karma.

*Thoughts are the seeds of Karma.* (Learn.)

Only right thinking will bring good Karma; bad Karma only tells us that our thoughts have been crooked somewhere, sometime. Right

thinking means right speech and right action. Had you ever thought of that? We have learned that we should "Act for and as the Self"—and now we see that means, we must always be remembering we all really *are* that Self, or else we can not act rightly for it.

We ought to be able to see we can't possibly have good Karma from wrong thinking, when we remember about the Law keeping balance everywhere in the Universe. Just so, Karma is the balancing of our good causes with our good effects; and always we pay for the ounce of bad thought-seed which we put on to the scales by an ounce of bad effect. That is the only way Karma works. There has to be balance; that is Law. So the good Karma that makes us happy, we have earned; and the bad Karma that hurts us we have also caused.

*Quick Karma; Slow Karma:*

Should we then complain of our disappointments? Karma brought them out from some naughty seed of thought. Shall we talk about "good luck" or "bad luck," when we know everything is according to Law, or Karma,—that nothing ever just "happens" to us, but has really grown out of the seeds we ourselves planted?

Sometimes the plant grows from the seed just over night; then we can see just what was

the seed-cause, and what is the effect. We say that is quick Karma.

Sometimes the seed-cause waits years and years for flowering. We don't see the growing, because it is so slow, and we have forgotten that we planted the seed; but it is there just the same. Karma never stops. Then some day something happens to us that seems to have no reason at all, because we forgot that seed, and here, right before our eyes, is a plant with a big red flower on it! All we can say is: this is Karma; this is according to the law of Cause and Effect. No plant ever grew without a seed; and I must have planted that seed, because it is blooming in my very own garden!

Story.

Close with Chant.

TEACHER'S NOTE:

Suggestions for reading on Karma.

"All that total of a soul
Which is the things it did, the thoughts
it had."

Key to Theosophy—Glossary.
Second Fundamental—Proem, S. D.
Vol. I, Theosophy, pages 43-48.

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## THE STORY

George Lindsay and his big boy friend had been fishing all afternoon off the pier. They had caught only one fish, but they had had a

lovely grown-up talk, which to George was even more fascinating than catching fish.

"What did you say you were talking about this afternoon?" asked Maryana that evening as the children were getting ready for bed.

"Karma," said George, with a wise look.

"Is that another kind of fish?" asked Maryana innocently.

"Well, I should say not; it's the law that makes good things come to you when you're good, or bad things when you're bad."

"Is it a law written down in a book?" asked Maryana.

"No, it's inside us—the way the Soul is. For instance, if you're a good child and mind Mother and remember to wash your face and keep your finger-nails clean"—here Maryana took a hasty peep at her hands—"and, and, good things like that, why then everybody will be nice to you, and Mother will love you more and more. But," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "if you are naughty, naughty, don't you know, Maryana, how cross everyone is to you, and how you cry and want to run away? That's what Karma means, John Grown-up says. It's just a name or way of saying that whatever way you act, that way your act will come back to you.

"John Grown-up says that if you plant sweet peas"—Maryana was very fond of these flowers and trimmed her doll-hats with them—

"you'll get sweet peas and not—well—not potatoes. So, if you plant nice manners and kind words of love and I'll-be-helpful-to-everybody seed, why, he says you'll raise that kind of flowers. I'm going to try it out," said George. "To-night I'm going to plant a get-up-when-I'm-called-seed, and see if it will blossom over night and get me up in the morning as soon as Daddy calls me."

"I'm not," said Maryana suddenly and perversely, "I'm going to sow a naughty seed, and you see if I don't have a good time!"

"Better not!" George warned.

But just then Mother came in and their conversation stopped.

In the morning bright and early Father called, "Time to get up, George!"

"Yes, Papa, right away," was the unexpected answer.

The seed had grown and blossomed, you see.

He dressed quickly, got all ready for school, took a hasty review of his lessons, and in school that day his lessons went off splendidly.

"I got such a nice start this morning," he told his Mother that night. "Had just a swell O. K. time all day and I know what I'm going to plant to-night," he added mysteriously.

Maryana, alas, had not had such a glowing time! Everything had gone wrong with her; she got up too late to eat her breakfast before

school and got kept in after school, and oh, just everything awful happened!

After Father and Mother had said "good-night" to the children and gone down stairs, Maryana called gently to George, "How do you spell Karma? Teacher said we had to know how to spell all the new words we learned."

"K-A-R-M-A," said George, sleepily.

## LESSON X

SONG: "Theosophy."

REVIEW:

I. What is the Second Truth? (LAW.)

II. How do we as boys and girls differ from the sun and tides in obeying the same Law? (We know; we choose to obey; the sun and tides have to. They can't do any other way.)

III. What name is given in Theosophy to Law? (Karma.)

IV. Does it mean anything more than Law? (It means all Law—of all things and beings, and of the hearts of men, of the Thinker and the Chooser.)

V. Who is the maker of our Karma? (We are; the Thinkers.)

VI. What verse did you learn about Karma?

VII. What does it mean? (We always think before we act, and Karma is all that comes from thoughts—just as the oak tree comes from the acorn.)

VIII. What does the seed of right thought bring? (Good Karma.)

IX. What does the seed of wrong thought bring? (Bad Karma.)

X. What must we think if we would act for and as the Self? (We must remember that we are that Self.)

XI. What is quick Karma. Illustrate.

ADVANCE LESSON:

*Karma as the Doctrine of Responsibility*

We have already learned that in the thought-seed we plant is the kind of tree that will grow from it. Good thoughts and acts make good Karma; selfish thoughts and acts make bad Karma. An acorn will produce only an oak tree; never an orange tree. Now we are going to see why the selfish thoughts we think and the selfish things we do come back to ourselves, as chickens come home to roost. The bad thoughts harm, of course, all of our big world, but the harm they do we have to pay for in the end.

*No Escape from Karma*

Perhaps some little girl sometime has thought when she did something wrong which no one saw or knew about, that it did not matter, anyway. But that is a great mistake. Perhaps there was once a little boy who, by careless playing with forbidden matches, set fire to his father's house, and then thought if he went far enough away he might escape punishment for his disobedience. Suppose he traveled a thousand miles on the train—do you suppose Karma would stop when he boarded the train?

Wouldn't he be dreaming of fires when asleep, and lonely for his parents and home when awake? Suppose he thought that on the ocean he would escape all reminders of fire, and sailed a thousand miles to sea? Would Karma stop when he boarded the vessel? No, Karma would be right with him! Karma is in the Thinker who never stops thinking. Don't you think that boy would soon be finding he did not want to look people squarely in the eye; that he would be afraid every minute of someone seizing him by the collar and saying: "Ah, you are that Boy!"

*Karma as Law of Action and Re-action*

Well, it is this way. Next time you see a pond in some quiet place, where it is allowed, throw in a stone. You will see, from the spot where the stone went in, little waves going out to the shore, and then, if you look long enough, you will see those little waves going back again into quiet just where the stone went in. Action and re-action to the point of disturbance, isn't it? That is the way the Law acts. And, remember, that stone has caused movements and disturbance to every drop of water in that pond. But if you throw in a heavier stone, the waves of the smaller stone seem to be swallowed up by the larger ones. That shows us our only escape—the setting up of bigger, better causes to kill the old bad effects. Answer wrath with

wrath, we get more wrath, but answer softly, and wrath is turned away.

### *Ourselves Alone Responsible*

So our thoughts are thrown out into our little worlds, and there is action, and re-action back to the place of thoughts which is our mind. That is the way Karma acts. Only there wouldn't be thoughts without Thinkers, would there? And the Thinkers are ourselves. So, you see, we can't possibly have anything come back to us that didn't start right from us. We are the ones to choose the kind of a tree we want in our yard by planting that kind of seed; we are the ones who can choose good re-actions, by sending from us thoughts that make good actions.

All of us have heard echoes. A story is told of how a little boy was playing one day, and shouting happily by himself, when he seemed to hear another boy from behind the hill shouting just as he did, saying the very same words. It interested him at first and then it annoyed him, so that he shouted to the unseen boy, "Go away, you bad boy!" Back the answer came—"way you bad boy!" Bursting into tears, our little boy ran into the house and told his mother all about it. Straightway his mother told him to go out again to play, smiling, and this time shout "Come play with me, you good boy!" To his surprise, back the answer came, so pleas-

antly, "you good boy!" And so the little boy learned that if we want pleasant sounds to come back to us, it is pleasant sounds we must send forth.

We can't blame anyone but ourselves for our disappointments, can we? Knowing that should help us to bear them bravely and patiently. Sometimes it seems as if Mother or Father or Sister or Brother was the one who made them come; but it never is so; they are all simply the ones through whom the law of Karma works. It's because our actions have been to them, that they bring the action back. Now that makes it clear, doesn't it? That we are all really the One Life? The Law doesn't work in each one of us separately, but in the Whole. We think of people—we love them and help them—our Karma is bound up with theirs; we think unkindly and selfish thoughts of other people—our Karma is bound up with theirs; the re-action comes back to us from all those we think about. We can't blame anyone, then, can we, for trouble they seem to cause us? We should never feel hurt or angry at what comes from them; we know it really comes from ourselves. It is for us to understand why, to find the cause in ourselves, if we can, and then make better causes.

*Our Karma Bound Up in Others*

Suppose, now, you saw a little boy frightened and crying because he was all tangled up in a

rope so that he couldn't move his legs? Would any of you say, "that is his Karma," and pass by without helping him? Why not? Because you must render gentle service, and your Karma has brought you there to give it. The little boy's Karma, too, brought you there just then to help him. Suppose, though, you did not help him? You would have gone off the Path, wouldn't you? And set up a new bad cause? Wherever we find ourselves, we find a place for choosing good actions or bad actions; we set up new causes for Karma to bring their effects. We are the only ones who make our lives unhappy, or happy and useful.

And do you know that all this morning's lesson can be put in these few words:

*My own shall come back to me.* (Learn.)

CHANT.

## LESSON XI

SONG: Music, page 156.

Evil swells the debts to pay,
Good delivers and acquits;
Shun evil, follow good; hold sway
Over thyself. This is the way.

REVIEW:

I. What words did you learn that expressed all of last Sunday's lesson on the second Truth? (My own shall come back to me.)

II. What story illustrated this? (Story of echo.)

III. Can we ever run away from the results of the bad or good causes we make? Why not? Give example. (Karma never stops, because we never stop thinking, and thoughts are the seeds of Karma.)

IV. What illustration shows you how the Law works in action and re-action? (Stone in Pond.)

V. How does that show Karma acts? (Thoughts bring re-action back to the place of thoughts—our mind. We are the Thinker of the thoughts, so we get the re-action.)

VI. Show how we can change Karma. (A heavier stone dropping in will swallow up the waves of the smaller stone.) Give example.

VII. Who is responsible for our Karma?

VIII. How can we choose good re-actions?

IX. Why should we bear our disappointments bravely? (Because we know they belong to us.)

X. Why do we want to blame others for the unpleasant things that come to us? (They *seem* to bring them.)

XI. Why do some and not others bring good or evil things to us? (Our Karma is more bound up with some than others. As our thoughts are, so we get re-action from them.)

XII. Should we be contented to let others suffer their Karma when we might help? (No, it is our Karma to be able to help, as that of others was to suffer.)

XIII. What does one mean when he says, "A soft answer turneth away wrath?" (It's like the second stone in the pond. The kind answer swallows up the anger of the other, and he feels sorry, instead of more angry.)

XIV. Does Law or Karma work in each one separately? (No, it works between us all, as well as in each. We don't do anything alone.)

Words for Second Seven names for First Truth—The Self, The Thinker, the Chooser.

MEMORY VERSE:

"Rigid justice rules the world."

("Rigid"=strict—inescapable—unbending.)

*Meaning:*

This is just another way of saying that "This is a Universe of Law"—and that Law is a balancing, or equilibrium. We might as well say Karma rules the world—the world meaning all human beings in it—for we have learned that it is Karma that balances cause and effect, action and re-action—and that it brings us only that which belongs to us—no more and no less. And we know that Karma is not outside of us, but in the Thinker; we choose the kind of Karma we get; we really punish and reward ourselves when we set up causes that the law of Karma has to balance. The balance is always right, and always just.

It is knowing this law of Karma which shows us the *reasons* for being honest and true and kind and loving. It shows us how foolish it is to excuse ourselves, to deceive, to lie, to be dishonorable in any way. The lie and the deceit come back to us and hurt us. It doesn't matter whether somebody finds us out or not; Karma works just the same, and we have to suffer all the more when we think we are hiding our wrong-doing.

There are such queer ways of deceiving and telling lies that perhaps we have thought they didn't matter, but they do; they are putting bad causes and dishonor on our scales, and they've got to be balanced some time by bad effect. One little lie is like the acorn seed that may

grow into a great tree, if we water the soil and cultivate it by keeping silent when we should speak, and we think because we didn't *say* anything, we didn't lie. But that is the very meanest and worst kind of lying, for it has deceived ourselves. We have to be honest enough to see *why* we do or don't do certain things, or we are not honest at all. A lie to protect or favor ourselves exacts hard payment of Karma.

We shouldn't want to excuse ourselves, either, for doing wrong; nor should we try to excuse another. It is a better help to anyone to be honest with him, show him where he is wrong and help him do better, than it is to excuse him and let him forget he has something to learn,—that he has to pay after all. Sometimes we do excuse because we know it will make him feel kinder to us, and that isn't honest, you see.

When we give our word we must keep it; when we promise, we must keep the promise. But remembering to act for The Self, we will not promise until we know we *can* keep it. We will consult those wiser than we, when we aren't sure.

How shall we find the very highest honor and honesty, do you think? It all comes from remembering not *my*self, but all other selves—to have in our minds every day and every hour to "Act for and as the Self" to "Render gentle service to all that lives." We are to look not

for *our* success and happiness,—but only to *do* what is right. Our honor is our promise to our real selves to "Act for and as The Self of all."

STORY: The Test.

APPLICATIONS.

VERSES:

One stanza apiece may be given out in the class for memorizing; or they may be sung without memorizing to some familiar air.

JUSTICE

The seeds we sow each hour
Will sure their harvest bring
Of weakness or of power,
Of joy or suffering.

The causes we create,
Or shelter in the mind,
May long and silent wait
Ere their effects we find.

But Justice rules alone
And in its karmic scroll
We'll reap as we have sown
As endless ages roll.

We don't need to think of *our* honesty or goodness; but only to do what is right and good for others.

## "DON'T"

Don't try to be good, but do good,
Don't think of yourself or your gain,
Don't pause for the fruit of your action
Or fear lest you may not attain.

Don't try to be right, but do right,
Don't mind what others may say,
Don't grieve for the past or the present
But just do your best for to-day.

Don't say "I am strong," but act strong,
Don't lay unto others the blame,
Don't think that the good you are reaping
You have earned and not earned the pain.

Don't seek to be loved, but give love
With measure unstinted and free
And sure as the brook finds the ocean
Thy gifts will return unto thee.

End with Chant—"Theosophy" song.

## THE TEST

William Clark hated to work, and he never worked with a will; yet he never could understand why he wasn't rich, why he had to earn his daily bread instead of riding around the country in his own machine. He came to almost hating anyone who had more ease than he had, never thinking that his beautiful strong body

and nimble fingers were riches enough for a young man, and never thinking either that he showed each day how incapable he was of using riches wisely, by the way he ignored the physical riches he already possessed! William worked, or pretended to work, in the foundry near his home. He hated this job, as he had all other jobs before it, and was always the last to arrive in the morning and the first to reach for his coat at night.

Now, thinking that he hated working not only made that work harder to do, but also harder to do well. William finally grew to have almost a love for shirking; he felt that somehow he was making the balance right if he did things as badly as he dared, to spite the world because he was poor! Never did he dream that his own thoughts were the reason for his poor pay envelope!

One morning when he arrived at the shop, he found all the men stirring and working with unusual rush. The foreman came out of the office and called them all together, saying that the next week the new machinery would be unloaded, and the great magnet, of which every body had been talking, would be tested, "So, men, get busy now. The manager and mayor will be at the testing and it will be a half-holiday. We must get all these orders out of the way before then to make room for the new stuff."

William turned away with a curl of the lip. "New magnet!" he muttered, "as if that folly was all they could spend their money on!"

He went back to his work, however, with an appearance of willingness. The foreman was not too patient and he had already spoken to William more than once of his poor work. He was coming up to him now.

"Look here, Bill," he said. "I want two dozen of those extra fine castings made—number 8, MM. You take the job and run it through. I'll leave it to you. Extra fine, A No. 1, remember, no slip! *You* can do it." Then he went away thinking, "I like the fellow. Perhaps this responsibility will put him on his mettle."

William was flattered, and pleased, too, by the confidence and praise of his superior; he felt a better spirit in his heart and he told himself he *would* do a good job; he *would* "show them."

Next day he worked faithfully, and the next. The third day came, and the old, "don't care, cheat the world" feeling came back to poor William. He just couldn't do well another hour. He bungled and he made mistakes. He took up the ore before it was at the degree of heat called for and ran it into the molds. "I'm sick of this job," he said, "guess I'll finish it quick, and then I'll get off earlier." He knew at that moment the castings would crack

through their imperfections, but what did he care, for "no one will ever know whose fault it was, once they are shipped," he said. He cared neither for himself nor for the foreman, and least of all did he care that by his selfish thoughts he might be molding the helpless lives in the iron to bring about calamity to hundreds of human beings! Finally his task was done, and even William feared when he saw the result of his blundering work.

The next day was to be the day of the testing of the great magnet. They said, those who were venturing a fortune on its success, that this magnet would lift high in the air 40,000 pounds of solid iron, and that, too, without a chain! It would revolutionize the foundry work. It would lift hot metal without injury; it would load cars! And all would be done by one man pressing a button! In the midst of the interested chatter, William was anxiously wondering how to slide by the foreman's O. K. on the castings. The cars weren't there for loading, so they couldn't be shipped till the last of the week. He must hide them somewhere. When his eye fell on the slag-pit, he thought "the very place," and for once in his life he fell to work with vigor. Soon he had them covered with a layer of earth and slag, and then left for home without a thought of worry.

Next morning the place was alive with interest. The manager, the mayor, and all the leading citizens came to see the testing. William saw them in their smiling success and hated even the flower in the buttonhole of the mayor's coat. He had no heart to guess what grateful hand had put it there, nor what sacrifices had made the tired, anxious eyes above the flower. At last the great magnet was swung loose. Great in its power, it swept over the yard on its way to the mass of ore it was to pick up. But what is happening? The people rubbed their eyes, for as it swung over the slag-pit, the earth broke away in clouds of dust and up came William's hidden castings!

A great laugh broke from the visitors, who, of course, did not understand, but the foreman was close enough to get the whole story in the twinkling of an eye. And William—poor William—slunk away.

More than the magnet had been tested that day, but the magnet—not the man—had stood the test. William left that night for another city without even going back for his pay.

Six months later William's mother had a letter from him, from which she read to me with tears in her eyes:

"You know, Mother, when I realized that that big magnet lifted 40,000 pounds of iron just because it liked it, I got the notion that I could lift my work better, if I liked it. Honest,

it's true, I am beginning to like my work now, and I do better, and do it easier and quicker. When I've made good for a whole year, I'm coming back to ask the Boss for my old job."

## LESSON XII

SONGS: "Theosophy." "Karma."

REVIEW:

I. What verse did you learn last Sunday about the Second Truth? (Rigid Justice, etc.)

II. In what other verse have you learned the same thing? (Universe of law.)

III. What word could you use in this verse to mean the same thing as "Rigid justice"? (Karma.)

IV. Where is the highest honor and honesty to be found? (In keeping the promise to our real selves to "Act for and as the Self" of all.)

V. Does that mean we are to try to *be* good? (No, but to *do* good to others—not thinking of ourselves at all.)

VI. Why is it not acting for the Self to excuse our wrongdoing? (Because we are trying to forget the law of Karma, and so we are not honest.)

VII. Is it really kind to excuse someone else's wrongdoing? (No, it would be kind to show why it was wrong and how he could do better.)

VIII. Who can tell the story of "The Test"?

IX. What does it teach?

ADVANCE LESSON: Law in Cycles.

*Ceaseless Motion.*

Everything in this great Universe is in motion. Nothing is ever still for a moment, as you will realize when you remember what you learned so long ago about the stone. Everything is alive, and everything has its own wheel-like motion. You all have seen a sunbeam steal into a room like a band of light in which little dust-motes are dancing and whirling. You wouldn't have believed the dust could be there in such a clean room, would you? But the brightness of the sunbeam showed the dust-motes against the darker part of the room, as you would expect, according to that law we learned about the opposites. We couldn't see the sunbeam if there were not something darker to help it show forth. Since, then, the air was full of fine moving dust which you didn't see at all before the sunbeam came, it may be there are other lives in the air that you have never yet seen. When you go out after the lesson, will you all remember to look into the air toward the blue sky—oh, some twenty feet away—and see if you can see the little fiery lives whirling and darting? You didn't know before that we are breathing in those little lives—and sending them back into the air again. We all, not only breathe in and out the same way, but we all take the same air from the

One Life into our bodies. We are brothers to all that live, indeed, when we remember that.

*Cycles:* (A cycle is the circling path of time that ever moves onward, under Law, Karma.)

The body, Earth, is also in motion, always revolving. Each day it turns over one side to the sun, the other side away, and so we have day and night. But the earth, as it turns, follows a path around the sun, which it takes 365 days to complete. Then we have a year; that is, it takes a year for the earth to reach the same point in its path, where it started. More wonderful still, though, the sun, too, has its path among the starry heavens which takes over 25,000 years to complete,—and so, while the earth comes back to the same point in its path, that *point has moved onward,* for the sun is drawing it as it moves on its larger path. So, always when the earth gets back to the old point, it moves on again in another new ring. The path of the earth isn't like just one solid ring, you see, but like many—one growing out of the other—what we call a spiral. Let us wind this copper wire around this lead pencil, and slip it off. Now we see how those rings ever move onward, one into the other. Have you ever noticed the springs on a screen-door? They, too, will give you a good idea of the kind of ring, or path, which is meant by a cycle.

Cycles, we must see, are not different from

Law and Karma, but only the way of marking it. In fact, *"Cycles are the clock of Karma."* (Learn as verse for this lesson.) Karma is like the mainspring that makes all the wheels go round. You know how many there are, little and big, inside a clock! But cycles are like the hands that point the hour on the face, as they travel round it.

Let us see how the spiral form idea fits the echo, for instance. We send the sound out of our mouths; it beats like a wave against the hillside, and back it comes to us—to our mouths? No, to our ears! And then another wave goes out, and back again. Let us go back to the stone in the pond again; the water had its path of action out, and re-action back, not to *exactly* the same point of beginning, because now the stone is at the bottom of the pond, and the water is just a *little* higher than it was at the time the stone went in! So the path of the echo, and the path of action caused by the stone, were both that of the spiral.

Always, things are moving and changing. That is the way they grow. We alone, of all the Universe, the real WE, the Perceivers (for, of course, our bodies are changing and growing all the time), watch the movements and changes, and are not changed by any of them. We throw our thoughts into the world—the cause of a path of effect that comes back un-

erringly to us—where? To the place of thoughts, that is our mind. But before the effect gets back, the Thinker has put many other thoughts into that mind; other effects have come back to it. Therefore that mind is not quite the same place that it was before, and the Thinker has a new place to move on from. Is the Thinker changed, though? No, he is the power that can send more and more thoughts out forever; he can look at them all, see the change, and still be the same. He is not the path that moves, but the one who journeys on it, the one who makes the path. No matter if we went a journey that took us five years, we would still be the same *WE* that started, wouldn't we?

*Kinds of Cycles.*

The difference between quick Karma and slow Karma is just in the size of its cycles, or paths. Quick Karma means a short cycle—a small spiral of cause and effect,—or a short hour space on the clock of time; slow Karma means a long, large cycle of action and reaction—a long, long space marked on the clock.

*Cycles, the Real Clocks, Which Men's Clocks Imitate*

A moment is the beginning of a cycle that may be completed in an hour, a day, a month, a year. We have the day and night cycle, the seasons'

cycle (who can name it—spring, summer, autumn. winter), the cycle of the moon (who has seen it new, first quarter, full moon, last quarter?), the cycle of the tides. Our clocks that mark the twenty-four-hour cycle we call a day, with minute and second cycles, too, just imitate the great natural cycles of the Universe, as man-made laws imitate the Law of the Universe. The sun makes its journey through the heavens in over 25,000 years. It goes through certain groups of stars we call constellations (con=together; stella=star) that together are called the signs of the Zodiac. (Who knows what they are?) This is a very long cycle, you see, and so people call the Zodiac the Great Clock of the Universe. And always, remember, when the path swings back, it is to a point a little forward from its start. No day is *just* the same length as the next by the natural clock, and that is why Leap Year comes in to patch up the difference in man's calendar. The tides come in a little later each day, go out a little later. No spring is just like any other spring. Always there is change.

Next week, we are going to learn what is the use of knowing about cycles. There are body cycles, mind cycles, and thought cycles, that concern us all. Who is going to notice during the week what cycles are moving around him—or some cycle of quick Karma? Perhaps, then,

you can tell what good it is to know. You may not have to look farther than your vegetable or flower garden.

End with Chant.

Second Seven Words for First Truth:

The Self, The Thinker, The Chooser, The Perceiver, The Knower, The Real, The Changeless.

TEACHER'S NOTE:

See "Ocean of Theosophy," Chap. XIV.
Magazine "Theosophy," Vol. I.
Glossary (under Zodiac).
Secret Doctrine O. E., p. 641 on, Vol. I. N. E. p. 703.

## LESSON XIII

SONGS: "Theosophy." "Karma."

REVIEW:

I. What verse was given you to learn last Sunday? (Cycles are the clock of Karma.)

II. What does this mean? (Karma moves in a path of action and re-action, cause and effect—and cycles show the time it takes. Or, Karma is like the mainspring that makes all the wheels of the clock go round—and cycles are like the hands that show the time.)

III. What kind of a path is a cycle? (A spiral path — something like a screen-door spring.)

IV. Is it only Karma that works in cycles? (No, everything does.)

V. What path or cycle makes up our year? (The path of the earth around the sun.)

VI. Does the sun have a cycle, too? (Yes, through the signs of the Zodiac.)

VII. What did ancient people call the Zodiac? (The Great Clock of the Universe.)

VIII. How do cycles show the difference in kinds of Karma? (Slow Karma, long cycle; quick Karma, short cycle.)

IX. Is there anything in the Universe that does not move and change? (No, only the Perceiver does not change.)

X. But does not the Perceiver go on these paths or cycles, and make them? (Yes, but it is just the same Perceiver on all the paths or cycles.)

XI. Who observed some cycles this week which he can call to mind?

ADVANCE LESSON:

*Cycles, as Return of Impressions.*

Have you ever noticed, after looking steadily at a striped curtain, bright with the sun, that when you close your eyes you still see those stripes impressed inside your eye—that after a second you do not see them, and then they come again? Then they fade away and come again more faintly, until they come no more. The echo shows the same thing; at first, the echo is almost as loud as the sound you sent out,—then if you listen long enough you will hear it coming back more faintly until the echo has quite died away. With your eye, and with your ear, then, you know what is meant by a cycle, or return of impressions.

It is knowledge of this law that enables wise men to know beforehand much of what is going to happen in the world. They knew years before the dreadful world war in Europe must occur,

because the return of a certain cycle would bring back certain impressions; certain selfish causes set up long ago had to bring just that kind of a result when the cycle returned on its course. The war was Karma, you see, and wise men knew the cycle that marked it. That is what people mean when they say "History repeats itself."

*Cycles of Habits.*

Our lives are long cycles, like spring, summer, autumn, winter, then a new ring of the spiral starts with spring again; our days are cycles, like morning, noon, and night. Morning starts a new ring in the spiral which is our path. Our heart beats in cycles; the blood has its path, or cycle, through the body—well, look anywhere you like, you will see cycles. We all know how little good it would do the farmer to plant his grain seed after the rains had stopped, and three or four months off to winter rains. He has to know weather cycles to know when to plant, doesn't he?

We make our habits according to cycles; in fact, habits are made in the first place by the return of impression of some thought we liked, until it makes so clear a path, or cycle, we just keep right on it without thinking about it at all. We eat according to the cycle of the day—morning, noon, and night. Why is it we get cross when dinner is an hour or two late? The

cycle comes round for us to eat; the little lives in our bodies are expecting food, and lacking it, the law is upset, and they make such a fuss, we feel it. Why is it we are so very, very tired when we stay up two hours beyond bed-time? Again, those little lives are clamoring for rest according to their cycle, and the law is broken. So you see, it is best to heed the law of cycles, when we can, even in our bodies, because then, all the machinery works better. Some boys know how badly an automobile works, when the cylinders don't work in their regular cycle —such a sputtering and fudging, isn't there?

Especially, heeding the law of cycles helps us with all we are trying to learn. That is why we have regular lesson periods at school; regular hours for practising our music. When the regular hour comes round for the lesson or practice, there also comes a return of impressions about the lesson. This makes it easier for us to pay attention, and to remember what we learned the days before at that hour.

Most of all, heeding the law of cycles helps us to get rid of mean, selfish thoughts and naughty or lazy habits—if only we know they are *not* what is rendering gentle service, and so we want to change them! By watching, we can see what time of day the cross mood comes to us—or the lazy feeling—and then when the time comes, all we have to do is to start another

better cycle—just as we learned a better cause would help drown out the effect of a wrong cause. If we are cross—well, we've a fairy-story to-day that will show you just how easy it is to make the better cycle of Karma! If we are lazy—don't want to do our task just then, but remember we *can* break that lazy cycle if we want to,—why all we have to do is think, this is my way to "render gentle service," and to "act for The Self"; so I'm going to do my task right now, the very best I can. Just remembering that one day makes it easier to remember and to do the next day. Before a week is out, it wouldn't be surprising if that old cycle of laziness had faded out like the echo—and the new better cycle of gentle service become so strong and clear a path that we just skip along on it in our gladness. For there's a door of mystery we've all had the key to already—in doing gentle service is the best happiness of the whole wide world. And it's the thoughts that do it all. We must hold sway over our thoughts always.

How many saw the little fiery lives we spoke of last week? Well, that is the kind of stuff fairies are made of! Because, you see, that is the stuff that clothes our thoughts as they go out into the world. No sooner does a thought go from us than these little fiery lives are drawn to it—they are what keep the thought alive! If it weren't for that, that our thoughts really are

alive, how could we expect from them any Karma, either good or bad? Perhaps you didn't know before, that it's really the thoughts of people that make the fairy forms! So there *are* such things as fairies. We don't see them, but together we are making them all the time. In old countries, where people have always believed in them, people can even see them.

(It is thought best to pass over this fascinating subject very lightly; not to distract from the main idea, but to enforce the importance of right thinking, as it affects all lives, even those not ordinarily seen. Later review might supplement with chapter in "Because" on Fairies.)

Story.

End with Chant.

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## THE POWER OF THOUGHT

When Barbara woke up it was raining, and she didn't like it very well, for she had planned to go out in the woods that day,—and now the picnic would have to be given up.

But she put on her raincoat, and took her umbrella and went to school, and managed to get through the day. Though when she was at home again, and lying on the rug before the fire for the hour before tea-time, she was in a pretty cross mood, I am sorry to say. And the more she thought about the picnic the more she

wanted to cry, till finally there *did* come a few tear-drops, splash, down her nose.

Suddenly she saw one of the Fireside Fairies looking at her. She often saw them, but this time the little fellow flew down beside her on the rug, and said, smiling: "Well, Barbara, why don't you open your umbrella?"

Babara was so surprised all she could do was to stutter something about "one didn't open umbrellas in the house," at which the Fairy laughed and said, "Well, then, put on your raincoat!"

At this Barbara was so interested to know what he meant, that she sat right up, and forgot she had been crying; and the Fairy went on talking:

"You ought to do as we do in Fairyland," he said. "When we want to cry, we hurry up with our *Thought*-umbrellas, and then no rain-tears can dampen us. Our Thought-umbrellas are made of laughter, and woven with the thoughts of gay and happy days, and scarcely have we raised them over us, when the crossness or the sadness disappears. Oh, our jolly Thought-umbrellas are fine things! If I were you, I'd use them too.

"And our raincoats—*they* are made of rainbow thoughts of all the good times we ever had, and of all the kind things we ever did, and you know no rain can stay long after the rainbow is seen."

Well, Barbara was so interested,—and she begged the Fireside Fairy to tell her some more about his Fairyland. "How I would like to go there," she said, "it must be so lovely! But I suppose I never shall, for they say that only good children ever see Fairyland, and," she sighed, "I have *such* a bad temper! What do you fairies do when *you* get angry, if you ever do," she ended wistfully.

"Oh, yes," said the Fireside Fairy, "we often do; we are just like human folks in a good many ways, you know,—but I'll tell you how we fix *that!* What do you do in hot weather when the wind blows in from the desert and tries to scorch you? Do you put on your heavy woolen dress, and all your pretty furs?"

"Why no," said Barbara, laughing, "I put on my thinnest muslin dresses, and eat ice-cream, if I can get it, and drink cool lemonade."

"Of course you do," said the Fireside Fairy. "Well, that's just what we do when we get angry!" and he laughed at Barbara's puzzled face.

"Just as soon as one of our fairies sees another in a hot, angry temper, he always cries out, 'Take off your heavy red dress! Take off your heavy Red dress!' and as quick as a wink the angry fairy begins to *think* off his dress of cross, red thoughts (for in fairyland, you know, our dresses always change colors according to

the way we are feeling), and to put on a lovely, cool thought-dress of blue, or green. And as he thinks harder and harder of the cool, fresh things in Mother Nature's home,—before he knows it, all the hot anger is cooled and gone. Oh, it's the only way to find your temper again, once you've lost it,—you try it yourself and see.

"The Thought-Fairies will help you, too, you know, for they are always flying near you and go wherever you send them. If you think kind thoughts, the Thought-Fairies carry them for you the longest way you want them to go. Even when you think mean thoughts, too, they help carry them for you—but isn't that a horrid way to use our people of Fairyland?"

"Well," said Barbara, thoughtfully, "that must be what Mother means when she says, 'If you *think* right, you'll *act* right.' "

"That's it, exactly," said the Fireside Fairy.

## LESSON XIV

OPENING: Song, "Karma."

REVIEW:

I. How did wise men know that the great war in Europe was going to come about, long years before it happened? (They knew about the law of cycles, and that the war was Karma.)

II. Name cycles of Nature you know of.

III. Name cycles of your body. What happens when these cycles are broken?

IV. How are habits made? (The return of impressions of some thought keeps growing stronger, until we act without thinking when the cycle comes round.)

V. How can we break bad habits? (By starting a new cycle of better habits.)

VI. Why do we have regular times for learning lessons, or practising? (Because the return of the time or cycle for doing that particular thing brings back impressions of that time, and makes what we have to do easier.)

VII. How can we get rid of a lazy habit? (First of all, we must *want* to get rid of it, because we see it is not rendering gentle service.)

Then what? (All we have to do is to remember that, and do the task with all our heart.

So we set up a better, stronger cycle, and the old-time one dies away.)

VIII. How can we get rid of a cross mood? (By seeing that we *are* cross, and changing it by thinking of happy things—or starting a new happy cycle.)

IX. Who can tell what fairies are made of? (They are made of stuff like the fiery lives in the air.)

X. How are they given their form? (By people's thoughts.)

XI. Who remembers the story of how Barbara was taught the power of thought by the Fireside Fairy?

ADVANCE LESSON: *The Cycle of Reincarnation.*

"Reincarnation" means the putting on of a new body (carne—flesh).

Learn—*"Many a house of life hath held me."*

Our lives are cycles. Once we were tiny babes, and now we are children. This is the spring-time of our lives. When we are grown up, like our mothers, we shall be in the summer-time of our lives. Then our hair will grow gray, and our backs bent,—and the autumn-time has come. After autumn comes winter, and you know how Jack Frost comes and kills the growing things. So we have our winter, too, the dead-time of our bodies. Our life-cycle has made its complete path—but remem-

ber, it's a spiral path, and it returns and goes on in a new ring! After winter, comes spring again—when

> "The boughs put forth their tender buds
> And life is Lord of all."

So, after the dead-time of our bodies, what will the new turn of the cycle bring us? Why, new bodies! Once, again, we shall be as tiny babes, children, grown-ups, old, and die again —to have the cycle bring us back to earth again in yet another new body! Only *we* are the same one going on every turn of the cycle—the same one in a body now who had another body a thousand years ago.

*Reincarnation Because of Karma.*

We had to learn that cycles were a part of Karma, or Law. We know that Reincarnation comes according to cycles, and so it isn't hard to see that Reincarnation is a part of Karma, too. It's as if Karma, Cycles, Reincarnation are three fingers making up the hand of Law (the second Truth). We never think "hand," without thinking of fingers, do we? Or "finger" without seeing it in our minds as part of a hand? There would be no way for effects to come of some causes, if it were not for Reincarnation.

We know rather well, now, how Karma works silently from day to day all of our lives. That means we are making Karma to the day

we leave our bodies; so, many effects we have to get in new bodies. Also, it means Karma was working yesterday, two years ago,—why, if it never stops, it was working the very day we were born! We reincarnate because of Karma. According to Karma, or Law, we earned the very kind of a body we have, and the very father and mother, and brothers and sisters we have. If we have no brothers and sisters, that, too, we earned. We earned the very color of our eyes, the very shape of our bodies. We earned our friends. Many friends we have not yet found, for the cycle has not yet returned that brings them to us. The cycle of friendships started in other lives than this, you see, and so it is a long cycle of Karma that brings them back to us. Just think of it—when something wonderfully sweet and lovely comes to you that you *can't* see you deserved: "Why, some day in some other body, I must have done some gentle service—and my own has come back to me." And again, there may be a time when everything seems wrong, when someone uses you harshly, and you know you have done the unkind one no wrong. Just so, you have earned that pain, and you can think: " 'A harsh word uttered in past lives ever comes again.' (Learn.) This, too, is my own come back to me, an echo from the lips I spoke through in another body."

*Our Dispositions, or Characters.*

Our dispositions we brought with us, too, from other lives. Some of us find our dispositions have much of selfishness, unkindness, deceit, laziness, and temper in them. That is why we have this body now. It is a body in which we must cure these bad qualities, and make our good ones stronger. The more wrong things we cure, the stronger we act for The Self—the better the disposition we shall have when the cycle of this body ends; consequently, the better disposition we shall bring with us into our next body. Our dispositions—or our characters—are all we do bring with us. We don't come all dressed up, with a bag of gold in our hand; when we go, we leave behind us all our houses and lands and riches of every kind. We bring our characters; we make them better, or worse, and take them along with us when we go. We all have learned from Theosophy how to make right character! ("Act for and as The Self," The Chant. Right Choice. "Don't try to be good, but do good.")

*About Remembering Past Lives.*

Often boys and girls say: "Why, I don't see how ever I can have lived before in other bodies! I don't remember anything about it!" Well, it wouldn't be so strange if we didn't remember, when the brains we are remembering through came new with these present

bodies, and when we have crammed them so full with the things of this life! Indeed, we don't remember half our days in these bodies! Yet, let us not be too sure people don't remember, or even that *we* don't remember. Many, many children have been known to remember, on sight, places they have lived in in other lives, and even grown-up people in visiting places they never saw before in this life, have recognized them by some special mark. It is told of one American gentleman, on his first visit to London, that while waiting in a lawyer's office to keep an appointment, he began to have a sense of familiarity of the room steal over him. The feeling grew very strong, till finally he said to himself: "Well, if I ever *have* been here before, there is a certain knot-hole in the panel of that door over there—and if so, it is under that calendar hanging there!" He walked over to the door and lifted the calendar. The knot-hole was there, as he knew it would be.

But recognition on sight isn't the only way of remembering. The surest way of all is by *feeling,* and that doesn't depend very much on the brain. In fact, it is the *feeling,* which some sight arouses, we should call truly remembering. Your brain does not tell you that you love your mother. You know you love her, because you *feel* love for her. So, we are really remembering the friends of other lives, when we see

them for the first time, and *feel* we have always known them and loved them; we are also remembering, when for no reason in the world we can see, we dislike so intensely another person we meet. Is it hard to imagine the kind of Karma-seed in other lives which makes such liking or disliking in this one? What kind of seeds shall we plant now that will bring us loving friends in lives to come? Yes, there are other ways still of remembering. In deep sleep, we know all about our past lives, and sometimes a dream about one or another may come through into our brain, when we are almost awake.

And have you ever noticed how some boys and girls seem never to have to learn some particular thing? For instance, one boy knows how to use tools without being taught; one girl doesn't need to learn how to sew, or to read; one boy can sing from the time he can speak, while most of us are years in learning how; some girls love to write poetry, or can imitate the ways of speech and manners of others, but more people never can do it well in this life, however long and hard they try—even with taking lessons. Well, all these facilities, or talents, are because there was a skill in these things in other lives; or even a love for them, without much skill,—because it is the *feeling,* again, of love to do these things, that lives, and goes on from life to life. Perhaps you have

noticed that sometimes, too, people grow lazy with these talents, and they lose them. They must love them enough to make them always more beautiful by working for them, as a service to all, if they would keep them.

*NOW Is The Only Time We Have.*

Suppose we could remember all about our past lives? Remember our names, the names of our friends, all the things we did—both good and bad? It really could do us no true service. It might not even make us happy, for it isn't pleasant to look back at our mistakes. We *are,* in our characters, all that these things meant to us, and if we were to stand looking back at those pictures very long at a time, we might forget the duties right now at our hand to do. Our "now" is made up of our past, and our "now" is what makes the future, so it's the "now" that we must use right. If flashes from the past come into the now—unbidden as a sweet odor—we can recognize them and smile, and know them for what they are—messengers to say there are many houses of life we have lived in, and we have yet to build our souls still statelier mansions. (The last stanza of "The Chambered Nautilus" could be used here, for comment and explanation.)

CLOSE: Song of First Truth and Chant.

TEACHER'S NOTES:

Ocean of Theosophy, p. 60-98 incl.

Ocean of Theosophy, p. 109-116 incl.
Key to Theosophy, p. 33-34.
Key to Theosophy, p. 128-133.
Key to Theosophy, p. 197.
Vol. I. Theosophy, p. 99 and 150.
Vol. II. Theosophy, p. 17-27.
Vol. II. Theosophy, p. 443.
Vol. III. Theosophy, p. 314.
Letters That Have Helped Me, Vol. I. p. 36.
Walker's Reincarnation.
Light of Asia.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING:

"Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley.
[Chap. IV, Chap. V, Chap. XIII, in "Because."]

## LESSON XV

OPENING: Song of the Second Truth.

REVIEW:

I. What cycle was our last lesson about? (Reincarnation.)

II. What does Reincarnation mean? (New bodies on earth.)

III. What verse expressed the lesson? ("Many a house," etc.)

IV. Does Karma have anything to do with Reincarnation? (Karma is the cause of Reincarnation. They go together like twins. Reincarnation carries out Karma.)

V. What are the three fingers of the hand of Law, the second Truth? (Karma, Cycles, Reincarnation.)

VI. Do we get the Karma of all our acts in this life? (No, we are making Karma all the time, and some cycles of Karma are so slow that they reach into future lives.)

VII. Where did we get our dispositions? (We brought them from other lives.)

VIII. How do we make our dispositions?

IX. What is the way Theosophy teaches to make right character?

X. Why do we not remember our past lives? (Because we have new brains with each body, and we cram them full of present things.)

XI. But don't people remember at all? (Yes, but by feeling.)

XII. How do we recognize our friends of other lives?

XIII. Where do our talents come from? (From the love of those things in other lives. The *feeling* for them lives.)

XIV. Is it very useful to remember our past lives? Why not?

XV. What verse did we learn about "a harsh word"?

"Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone."

(From "Light of Asia.")

CLOSE: Song of the First Truth and Chant.

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## STORY

The following undoubtedly true story was written by a commercial photographer of Minneapolis. She is the elder sister of little Anne, and up to the time of the incident, neither she nor any of the family believed in, or knew anything of, the doctrine of re-birth. The

article appeared in the American Magazine of July, 1915.

"Anne, my little half-sister, younger by fifteen years, was a queer little mite from the beginning. She did not even look like any member of the family we ever heard of, for she was dark almost to swarthiness, while the rest of us all were fair, showing our Scotch-Irish ancestry unmistakably.

"As soon as she could talk in connected sentences, she would tell herself fairy stories, and just for the fun of the thing I would take down her murmurings with my pencil in my old diary. She was my especial charge—my mother being a very busy woman—and I was very proud of her. These weavings of fancy were never of the usual type that children's fairy tales take; for, in addition to the childish imagination, there were bits of knowledge in them that a baby could not possibly have absorbed in any sort of way.

"Another remarkable thing about her was that everything she did she seemed to do through habit, and, in fact, such was her insistence, although she was never able to explain what she meant by it. If you could have seen the roystering air with which she would lift her mug of milk when she was only three and gulp it down at one quaffing, you would have shaken with laughter. This particularly em-

barrassed my mother and she reproved Anne repeatedly. The baby was a good little soul, and would seem to try to obey, and then in an absent-minded moment would bring on another occasion for mortification. 'I can't help it, mother,' she would say over and over again, tears in her baby voice, 'I've always done it that way!'

"So many were the small incidents of her 'habits' of speech and thought and her tricks of manner and memory that finally we ceased to think anything about them, and she herself was quite unconscious that she was in any way different from other children.

"One day when she was four years old she became very indignant with Father about some matter and, as she sat curled up on the floor in front of us, announced her intention of going away forever.

"'Back to heaven where you came from?' inquired Father with mock seriousness. She shook her head.

"'I didn't come from heaven to you,' she asserted with that calm conviction to which we were quite accustomed now. 'I went to the moon first, but—you know about the moon, don't you? It used to have people on it, but it got so hard that we had to go.'

"This promised to be a fairy tale, so I got my pencil and diary.

"'So,' my father led her on, 'you came from the moon to us, did you?'

"'Oh, no,' she told him in casual fashion. 'I have been here lots of times—sometimes I was a man and sometimes I was a woman!'

"She was so serene in her announcement that my father laughed heartily, which enraged the child, for she particularly disliked being ridiculed in any way.

"'I was! I was!' she maintained indignantly. 'Once I went to Canada when I was a man! I 'member my name, even.'

"'Oh, pooh-pooh,' he scoffed, 'little United States girls can't be men in Canada! What was your name that you 'member so well?'

"She considered a minute. 'It was Lishus Faber,' she ventured, then repeated it with greater assurance, 'that was it—Lishus Faber.' She ran the sounds together so that this was all I could make of it—and the name so stands in my dairy to-day, 'Lishus Faber.'

"'And what did you do for a living, Lishus Faber, in those early days?' My father then treated her with the mock solemnity befitting her assurance and quieting her nervous little body.

"'I was a soldier'—she granted the information triumphantly—'and I took the gates!'

"That was all that is recorded there. Over and over again, I remember, we tried to get

her to explain what she meant by the odd phrase, but she only repeated her words and grew indignant with us for not understanding. Her imagination stopped at explanations. We were living in a cultured community, but although I repeated the story to inquire about the phrase—as one does tell stories of beloved children, you know—no one could do more than conjecture its meaning.

"Some one encouraged my really going further with the matter, and for a year I studied all the histories of Canada I could lay my hands on for a battle in which somebody 'took the gates.' All to no purpose. Finally I was directed by a librarian to a 'documentary' history, I suppose it is—a funny old volume with the s's like f's, you know. This was over a year afterward, when I had quite lost hope of running my phrase to earth. It was a quaint old book, interestingly picturesque in many of its tales, but I found one bit that put all the others out of my mind. It was a brief account of the taking of a little walled city by a small company of soldiers, a distinguished feat of some sort, yet of no general importance. A young lieutenant with his small band—the phrase leaped to my eyes—'took the gates.' And the name of the young lieutenant was 'Aloysius Le Febre.' "

## LESSON XVI

OPENING: Song of the Second Truth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

ADVANCE LESSON: Reincarnation continued. (The third finger of the hand of Second Truth.)

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings."

### *What Reincarnates, or Goes Into New Bodies.*

Certainly, if we have been in other bodies than those we are in now, we are not our bodies, are we? We know that, anyway, because the body we have now doesn't look the least bit as it did when we were born—and if we were our bodies, we should be a new person every few months. The "I" is the same "I" now that will be when we are grown-up, and when we have grown old and gray. The Real that says "I" now has said "I" in all other bodies before, and will say "I" in all the bodies it yet may have. That "I" many people call the "Ego"—and "Ego" is just a word of the Latin language that means "I." So it is the "I" or "Ego" that reincarnates—bringing with it *feelings,* as we learned in our last lesson, and *thoughts,* too,—because many thoughts in

past lives had such a slow cycle of Karma, they had to come with us, you see. Then the Ego that reincarnates is The Real, The Self, The Soul, etc., with its Feeling, and Thought which it has stored up. Where has it stored them up, do you ask? Well, in this body we store flesh and blood and tissue, made out of the food we eat; we have a finer body within to which our nerves belong, where we store the desire and taste for food; and there are other bodies, too, each of which is a storehouse of its kind. (See Chapter in "Because,"—sevenfold Nature.) So, of course, the Ego has a very fine body which it always keeps as a storehouse for Thought and Feeling—whether in this body, or countless others. We all have just such a body right now, though we can't see it with these eyes, just as some boys and girls cannot see the fiery lives in the air. When we go to sleep at night it is this fine body we really live in; when we sleep, this physical body is dead, so far as anything happening around us is concerned. But, of course, the Ego comes back into it again after sleeping, whereas, when we die, we no longer can come back to it, but must seek another new body. You can see, we are very wise people, all of us, when we are sound asleep, because we see and know all the things we ever knew in all our former bodies on earth.

*How We Pass Our Time Between Death and Reincarnation.*

When we leave our bodies at death, we just live in that fine body we were speaking of; which the Ego always keeps. We rest, and get ready to come back to earth again. Some people wait longer than others do; some wait thousands of years; and some perhaps wait only a few hours. We call this waiting-place between death and birth again, *Devachan.* Only, you see, it isn't a "place" you go to by trolley or airship. If I were to say, "Charley is in a tantrum," you would know the "tantrum" might be in any place, but it was Charley's condition I spoke of. So, "Helen is in a state of great excitement," might mean she was upstairs, or out in the street; because the place didn't have anything to do with the condition she was in. It was the condition that was the place, really. "Devachan" may be any place, but is really a state, or condition, of great happiness, freedom from all earthly cares and tasks,—just the vacation-time between school-times on earth.

*Why We Have to Have So Many Bodies on This Earth.*

We come to earth to learn. But there is so much to learn on any earth that is eighteen millions of years old! Some Egos stay in their bodies only ten minutes, ten months, ten years. What could they learn in that short time? Even

if one lived to be a hundred and fifty years old, he could learn very little of this old earth. Think how many peoples, nations, savage tribes are on the earth to-day—how many languages are spoken—how differently they all live! But to know all of them he could know would be only a small part of what a man has before him to know. He would also have to know where all these people came from, how the earth was formed in which they live; he would have to look back even to continents before this present one rose out of the sea. He would have to know about all the stars in the heavens; know how to create wonderful books, pictures, statues, music, and more things than we can even name. We have very little time to learn in one life; we spend so much time in sleeping and eating, you know, and we waste so much time by not knowing what are the right things to learn! What do you think is the most important thing? (Gentle service: Act for and as—) So we learn only a few lessons in one life; a few new lessons in the next, and we go on learning until we have learned all.

Another reason for coming back to this earth is, that we have left unsettled debts of Karma, and we have to come back to pay them. Do you remember seeing the farmers plow and plant the barley in the fields after the rains began? Where did you expect them to harvest their

barley crop? In the fields where they sowed the seed, of course; not in fields in some other country across the ocean! We get in debt here on this earth, and we come back here to pay it, to the very ones we owed. Nor must we think it is debts only to *persons* that we owe. We owe a debt to the mineral kingdom, to the vegetable kingdom, to the animal kingdom—our younger brothers, all. They all have furnished us with food, or clothing, or service of some kind. (Beautiful precious stones, mineral salts in vegetables, devotion of some animals, beautiful silks, etc.) We come back to help all those kingdoms, too, for have we not learned that it is the same Life in them that is in us all? (Gentle service to *all that lives.*)

*Do Animals Reincarnate?*

Everything reincarnates. The life that is in the seed expands into a plant that blooms, and fruits, and goes to seed again; again the seed takes up a new life-cycle. The tiny cells in our bodies break down and reincarnate somewhere else in our bodies. The life that is in the wood is released by fire to the form of gas; the water, from freezing, reincarnates as ice; or from boiling, takes the form of steam and gas. The cocoon becomes grub and butterfly.

So, of course, animals reincarnate, too. A dog even dreams, you know, and he has his Devachan, out of which he comes as dog again into the dog kingdom. After many, many lives

as dog, perhaps he may go to another planet to live in some other animal form, until he is ready to come back into that of a horse, or elephant. The dog doesn't have the same kind of Karma we have. Why? He doesn't know he is a dog; *he* doesn't *choose* to do what he does, but acts according to his nature. So he isn't responsible as we are.

Only when a being is able to say "I am I" and "I choose to do right or wrong"—can he feel the full effect of Karma. Only then can Karma follow him from one life to another. We know that all beings live under Karma, or law, of some kind, for rain and snow and wind and flood are Karma which affects men and animals both. Yet it is easy to see how much more a storm may affect a man than it can affect an animal. The man may choose to go out in it, or stay in when he promised to go out—and from his choice, his whole life may be altered. To an animal, which acts according to his nature, the storm is always a signal to seek shelter. His life is just the same next day as it was the day before.

Learn Chant for Second Truth—Reincarnation. Music, page 157.

"As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the dweller in the body, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new."

End with Song of First Truth and Chant of First Truth.

## LESSON XVII

OPENING: Chant of Reincarnation.
Song of the Second Truth.

REVIEW:

I. What reincarnates? (The Ego, his Feeling and Thought.)

II. What does "Ego" mean? (Seven Truths —name them.)

III. Where does the Ego store feeling and thought? (In finer bodies which we do not see, but which we all have.)

IV. Where do we most use these finer bodies? (In sleep.)

V. How do we pass our time between death and birth?

VI. What is Devachan? Do we stay in it long?

VII. Why do we have to live so many lives on earth? (So much to learn and Karmic debts to pay.)

VIII. What lesson about Karma does the sowing and reaping of the barley field teach us?

IX. What debts do we owe the animal kingdom, the vegetable and mineral kingdoms?

X. Do animals reincarnate? How does their Karma differ from ours?

XI. What verse was learned for the last lesson?

XII. Give all verses learned in regard to Reincarnation.

STORY: Prologue to "Gorgo" (Charles Kelsey Gaines).

[The Tale of the Tower. See Appendix page 209.]

Close with both Chants and Song of the First Truth.

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## PROLOGUE TO GORGO

I stopped short; I flung down the book. "It is a lie," I cried, bitterly, "a cruel, hateful lie," I almost shouted,—and the whole class stared at me in amazement.

A strange outburst was that for the dingy, drowsy Greek-room of a little New England college. I was as much surprised as any; I stood confounded at myself. For then it was that I remembered.

The passage which I was translating seemed innocent enough—to all the rest. We were reading at sight—the professor's particular hobby; and he was exploiting upon us the Twelfth Oration of Lysias. . . . . .

But I had been paying scant attention to what they were reading. Greek was easy to

me always, and the halting drone with which they turned the sweet Attic into their classroom jargon wearied my ears. And my thoughts had drifted far away into I know not what regions of day-dreams, under a bright sky buttressed on purple hills, when I heard the incisive voice of the professor:

"Leonard, you may read now, beginning with the seventy-eighth section." It cut through the mists of cloudland like the flash of a searchlight.

I started to my feet, found the place and began:

" 'And although he has been the author of all these and still other disasters and disgraces, both old and new, both small and great, some dare to profess themselves his friends; although it was not for the people that Theramenes died, but because of his own villainy—' "

Then I choked and stopped. Tears swam in my eyes, and a hot flush scalded my cheeks. For in that instant first I understood; and in that instant it seemed to me that they all understood.

But the professor, rather mortified at my unwonted hesitation, began to prompt:

"Go on, Leonard,—go on, it is not hard—'and no less justly would he have died under the democracy, which he twice enslaved'—why, Leonard!" . . . . . .

"It is a lie," I burst forth. "A cruel, hateful lie." Those words which he uttered so calmly had stung me like the lashes of a scourge,—so malignant, so artful, so utterly unjust. And the whole world had read them—this had been believed for centuries, with none to contradict!

"To say it when a man was dead!" I went on. "And Lysias! for Lysias to say it!" I had quite forgotten the class; I saw only the foppish, waspish little orator, declaiming before the people with studied passion and hot indignation well memorized. But the people had never accepted it! They knew me better. . . . .

"They would not listen to such as Lysias; they would make an uproar and rise from the benches. How dared that alien accuse the best blood of Athens!" Yet I could scarcely have told you why I said it.

My classmates were too much astonished to laugh. The professor laid down his book; mine I flung on the floor. My blood was boiling; my soul a tumult.

"What does this mean, Leonard?" I heard the voice; I could not clearly see the speaker.

"I will not read it—I will not read another line," I cried. . . . . .

For the past had opened like a darkness lightning-cleft; all in one moment I felt the injustice of ages; the shame of an aeon of scorn—and they asked me to read against myself the lying

record. I would die again sooner than read it. I could not realize that they did not comprehend.

It was not often that Professor Lalor was at a loss for words, but there was a long pause before he spoke.

"Young man," he said, slowly, "I always like my students to manifest a living interest in what they read, and this trait I have especially commended in you heretofore. But there is measure, Leonard, in all things, as the Greeks themselves have taught us; and this exceeds—this certainly exceeds. One would fancy you contemporary authority." . . . . . .

Again I had choked, but anger gave me back my speech.

"Lysias an authority!" I exclaimed. "Lysias!"

My sight had cleared. The class sat quiet, startled out of their laughter; the professor looked pained and puzzled.

"There is a degree of truth in what you seem to imply," he said. "It may be conceded that Lysias was somewhat lacking in the judicial quality. And as to Theramenes, Aristotle has expressed a very different estimate of him. Yet Lysias—"

"He was no better than a sycophant," I broke in.

"Go to your room, Leonard. You forget

yourself." But the truth was, I had remembered myself.

After that they nicknamed me Theramenes: I was nicknamed after myself, and none suspected.

## LESSON XVIII

OPENING: Song of First Truth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS *ad lib.* from Lesson VIII to XVIII. (Catechism.)

What stories showed memory of past lives?

Song of Karma—Second Truth.

Learn: Reincarnation Song. Music, page 158.

### REINCARNATION

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave in colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

We make ourselves the joys or fear
With which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Ah yes, we live our lives again,
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain,
Man's work shall follow him."

CLOSING: Reincarnation Chant.
Chant of First Truth.

## A CREED

I hold that when a person dies
  His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise
  Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
  The old soul takes the roads again.

. . . . . .

And I shall know, in angry words,
  In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear,
A carrion flock of homing-birds,
  The gibes and scorns I uttered here.
The brave word that I failed to speak
  Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads
  I shall be helped and healed and blessed;
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads
  To urge to heights before unguessed.
My road shall be the road I made;
  All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,
  In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreathe my head,
  So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mould,
  Be smithied all to kingly gold.

From "The Story of a Round House," John Masefield.

[The Eternal Miracle, page 216, Appendix.]

## LESSON XIX

OPENING: Songs of First Truth and Second Truth.

*The Third Truth* (Being).

THE TRINITY—Tri-unity.

The Second Truth unrolls itself out of the First Truth, you remember; it could not be, but for the First Truth. So, also, the Third Truth comes from the First Truth, is a part of it, and could not be without it. At the same time, we could not understand much about the Third Truth, and nothing at all of the First Truth, without the Second Truth. Again there could not be the Second Truth, Law, without *beings* (the Third Truth) to feel it. (Just fancy a law being made and written on the records of this town, to punish offenders speeding automobiles. Then fancy a pestilence came and carried away all the people, would there be any law then—with nobody to offend, nobody to punish the offender, nobody to feel the punishment?) You see, the three truths, which explain everything there is, are all in the One Truth, and the One Truth is in all three. Is it any wonder that we name it The Real, the Changeless? All that we learn of any one Truth, we learn about the other two. We can't

understand all about any one Truth, without knowing the other two. When we do understand all three Truths, we shall know all there is worth knowing. It will take us more than all our lives to understand them well. We can only know them to be the Three Truths, really, as we live along, and in our lives prove them true. Now we are taking them, just in part, to study and to learn by; when we are older, there will be much more yet to learn of them; then will be more need to use them, new countries to carry them into as guides.

*Evolution.*

All those names we learned for the First Truth are names or symbols for what *we* really are. "That thou Art." This is the Third Truth. We cannot see it, nor feel it, nor touch it. It just is. Just as we cannot put our finger on the mysterious "I" we are. We can't touch it, nor hear it, nor see it. We can only say "I am." And thus *we* see we are identical with The Self of All. Out of IT come worlds and beings of all kinds—beings higher than our kind and lower than our kind—but none of all these beings could come out from IT, unless they, too, were IT, you see. So out from the Real *we* are come all our bodies,—the body of one life beautiful because we have earned it in doing service; the body of another life poor because we have been selfish. Out from the Real

*we* are come all the bodies of any life,—the body of this earth, the bodies of finer stuffs which we are using when we sleep.

The Self knows itself only in forms and beings, which are its mirror, just as we can know what our faces look like, only by looking in a mirror. All these worlds and beings, are together with us, the One Life, garnering knowledge of and for The Self of all. "The purpose of life is to learn," not only for our own little individual lives, but for the whole Universe. That is the meaning of "Evolution"—an unfolding from The Self, through many forms to ever nobler forms, to ever greater experiences and knowledge. We learn something from the poor body which we could not learn in the fairer one, just as the blunted tool will do work for a carpenter which the finest could not do. We learn other things in the fairer bodies; but *all* we learn in whatever body is learned for ALL. What the most ignorant one learns is as necessary as what the most wise one knows, for he makes a link in the chain of knowledge from the being of small degree to one of great. Any being who has the power of choice is greater than the being of the animal kingdom, however wise animals may appear to be. The lowest savage is higher in degree than any animal, for in his way he chooses one thing before another, and so sets his individual Karma in motion. In the kingdoms below us,

beings act according to their nature, and their Karma is kingdom Karma. In a few words which we should remember, Evolution means this: *"All beings are the same in kind and differ only in degree."* (Memory verse.)

*The Day and the Night of the Universe.*

All beings come from the Self, The One Life, the Light, the Source and Cause of all things everywhere in Space. The Universe, we learned, is the turning of the One Life, and, as everything in it has its cycle, so also the Universe has its cycle of day and night—a cycle as much larger than our life-cycle as a man's life is longer than that of a mosquito. At the present time, the Universe is having its day; there will come its night-time, when even the Universe will disappear into space. All the beings in it will drop their bodily clothing—whether mineral, vegetable, fur, or skin of any color; then they will be together all the same One Life, which they really are now, only they don't know it, either because they cannot say "I am I" (plants and stones and animals can't, you know) or because they look at the different clothes, and think they are the clothes, instead of That which sees them. But you must not think that the drop of dew is lost, when it slips off a leaf into the brook below.

"As the honey-makers, dear, gather the honey from many a tree, and weld the nectars together in a single nectar; and as they find no separateness there, nor say:

Of that tree I am the nectar, of that tree I am the nectar. Thus indeed, dear, all these beings when they reach the Real, know not, nor say: We have reached the Real. But whatever they are here, whether tiger or lion or wolf or boar or worm or moth or gnat or fly, that they become again. And this soul is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this is the Self. *That Thou Art,* O Shvetaketu."

(From the Upanishads.)

In the night-time of the Universe, it is as if The One Life were sleeping. *That* only is awake. (*We* are always awake, you know, when our bodies sleep, or even when the bodies die.) The Great Cycle brings morning again to the Universe. The One Life like the sun, which we know is always in the sky, though rains hide it for days and days, comes forth again, shining in myriad forms in a new Universe, which is better and wiser than the old one, because all the beings of that old one brought their experience back to The One Life, and all was shared there. The One Life that went to sleep is the same One Life that wakes again. Then the monad that had a man's form is man again; the gnat, a gnat.

"Monad" is a name that means just The One Life, as it dwells in various forms—itself changeless, but ever changing forms. How does it change forms, do you ask? Well, here is another pair of opposites for you to remember and observe, for in the Monad is the power to destroy and build again. It destroys one

form to take another. The mineral monad destroys its mineral form, when it comes out as a lichen on the rock. So we drop our old bodies, to put on new. It is so in all the kingdoms. Even worlds go out that new ones may come in—new and better worlds.

*The Ladder of Being.*

Another expression for the Third Truth is The Ladder of Being. Can we not picture The Ladder of Being, up which monads are passing all the time, clothed in different forms? The grain of sand is on a very low rung of the ladder; the vegetable on a higher rung; the animal, higher, and man on a still higher rung. Some day, however, the monads now living in the sand-world will be in the man-world! Some day, the monads now in the vegetable world, will be in the man-world; some day sooner than that, the monads of the animal-world will advance into the kingdom of man. Then where shall we present men be, do you think? Why, we shall be on higher rungs yet of "The Ladder of Being," where now are beings so much higher and wiser than we are, that our most learned men must seem to Them no wiser than hens seem to us!

Perhaps you can imagine that it takes a long, long time to climb The Ladder of Being. There isn't a monad in cat or dog form now, for instance, that will incarnate in human form until

we have a new world to live in, and, of course, mineral and vegetable monads will wait a long time after that. But, no matter how high the being now in the world that monad, too, has come up through all these lower kingdoms, ages and ages ago in other worlds! (The little girl of the Reincarnation story was right in thinking she once lived on the Moon, though it was long before this earth came out of starry Space.)

*The Great Journey.*

*Every being in the Universe* (and remember *all is being—every atom and speck in space is a Monad—The One Life*) *either is now a man, has been a man, or will become a man!* (Memory verse.) So there is a journey, you see, for every monad, out of The One Life, through all the kingdoms, through countless incarnations, back to The One Life again, with all its knowledge pouring into The One Life also, which all others must share in, since they, too, are The One Life. Then rest; then another journey. That journey is a cycle of being, isn't it?

If you draw the picture of a spiral from bottom to top of a piece of paper and draw lines straight down on either side, connecting curve to curve, you'll see you have a Ladder. Then you'll know that the Ladder of Being is a *Cycle of Being*—each curve of the spiral a rung of the Ladder. This cycle of the Universe, with

all the beings in it, is sometimes called the "Great Journey." "In the 'Great Journey' causes sown each hour bear each its harvest of effects, for rigid Justice rules the World."

The monad, too, is often called "the eternal Pilgrim." Some pilgrims go faster on this Journey, by always choosing to "Act for and as The Self." They are the ones who help the brothers lagging on the way, by words of cheer and counsel. But each pilgrim has to do his own traveling. However sore his feet may get, no one can walk for him. He has to make his own effort; he has to devise his own exertions for covering the ground which is pointed out to him as the road to follow. He has to earn his own rewards, and suffer for his own wrongs. This, too, is the Third Truth that *Man is master of his fate.* ("Fate" here means destiny or Karma.)

CLOSING: Chant and Song of Reincarnation.
First Chant.

TEACHER'S NOTE:

Ocean of Theosophy, Chap. I.
Questions and Answers on Chap. I, Vol. VI, "Theosophy."
Third Fundamental Proposition, Secret Doctrine.
[Chap. VII, VIII, IX, in "Because."]

## LESSON XX

OPENING: Song of Reincarnation.

REVIEW:

I. Name the Three Truths (God, Law, Being) in three words.

II. Give other names for First Truth.

III. What three words belong to Second Truth? (Karma, Cycles, Reincarnation.)

IV. What expressions have you for Third Truth? (Ladder of Being, Cycles of Being, Evolution, That Thou Art, Man is master of his fate.)

V. Why are the Three Truths called The Trinity? (Because the three are in the One and the One in all Three.)

VI. Why would we not have the Second Truth without the Third? (Law couldn't act without beings to act on. Illustrate.)

VII. How shall we know these are the Three Truths? (By proving them true, as we live our lives.)

VIII. If we cannot see or feel or touch the Self—what can we say of it? (Only that "It is.")

IX. If we *are* the Self, then what can we say of ourselves? (Only—"We are"—That Thou Art.)

X. How does the Self know itself? (By all the forms and beings in the universe—which is like a mirror.)

XI. What is the purpose of all beings? (To gather knowledge for the Self of all.)

XII. What is the meaning of evolution? (It is an unfolding from The Self through many forms to ever greater learning.)

XIII. What memory verse expressed "The Ladder of Being"? ("All beings are the same in kind, etc.")

XIV. What is the cycle of the universe? (Day and night; now is the day-time.)

XV. What happens in the night-time of the Universe? (All beings drop their clothings; the Universe disappears into Space; there is nothing but The Self—all the selves being drawn into it, as drops into the ocean.)

XVI. Is this the end? (No, the Universe wakes up again, and in its day-time, all the beings come out again, and have a fresh world to live in.)

XVII. What is the Monad? (It is a name that means The One Life, which does not change, no matter what form it lives in.)

XVIII. How does the Monad take different forms? (It destroys its old form, and enters the new one it has been building. Lichen. Reincarnation.)

XIX. What verse does *destroy, build* recall? (These two, etc.)

XX. Where on the Ladder of Being is the grain of sand monad, etc.?

XXI. Where will the grain of sand monad climb some day? (It will climb into the man-world.)

XXII. Every being in the Universe is either now—has been or will become—what? (A man.)

XXIII. What is the "Great Journey" for every monad? (Out of the One Life—through all kingdoms, and incarnations—back to The One Life again.)

XXIV. What kind of a ladder do we mean when we say ladder of being? (A cycle of being. Show how—a spiral ladder—always a new cycle.)

XXV. What is "the eternal Pilgrim?" (The Monad.)

XXVI. How do pilgrims go faster on this journey? (By always choosing to act for and as The Self.)

XXVII. How much can these pilgrims help the laggards? (By showing the way, and encouraging.)

XXVIII. What is meant by "Man is master of his fate?" (Each one has to do his own traveling; make his own Karma.)

CLOSE: Song of the Second Truth.
First Chant.

## LESSON XXI

THE THIRD TRUTH—Brotherhood.

*How Elder Brothers Help in the World*

Always, in the world, is The Ladder of Being,—the little young brothers on the lower rungs; the wise Elder Brothers at the top. The Elder Brothers help and guide the younger ones. When we were through living on the Moon, they even marked out the plans of this world, and guided the lower kingdoms to follow the plans, just as a landscape-gardener plans the grounds of a fine residence, yet uses many workmen to carry out the plans. First these Elder Brothers worked with the mineral monads—mere ghosts of minerals to start with. Much work had to be done by them, before the vegetable kingdom could get started. The vegetable kingdom depends on the mineral kingdom, you see. All the good salts and flavors we get out of vegetables, they get out of the soil, which is the mineral kingdom. After the vegetable kingdom was in good order, then the Elder Brothers helped the animal kingdom along. The animal kingdom depends on both the two lower kingdoms—and so do men also depend on them, for their bodies. When a good enough body had been built in the animal king-

dom for man to use, these Elder Brothers showed the men, who not yet were wise as They, how to enter into the form, by lighting up the sense and thought and reason of the animal man. That was all needed to do, you see, because already The One Life was in that form. "The Self shines in all, but in all it doth not shine forth." (Learn.) Always the lighting up has to be done by those who are already lighted. Just think how many unlighted candles one little candle can light, and still be just as bright itself! The Self is in all, we know, but it shines forth, only when there is thought and reason and one can say "I am." That means one is conscious of The Self. When we were babies, our parents helped light the candle of thought and sense that is in us. Those animal bodies when the world was very new were baby men.

The Elder Brothers always stay by and help to light men up, whenever they can. We are always being lighted more by those who know more than we do. These Brothers come at certain times in the world to teach men what most they need to know—whether it is how to use fire, how to sail the ocean, how to make wonderful things of beauty in picture, sculpture, music or books, to teach them all about numbers, or to teach them The Three Truths, of which we are learning now. They don't need to come back into the world on their own account. They

could stay away and live in happiness and bliss much greater than that in Devachan. They have paid all their debts to Karma, but they *choose* to take human bodies again and again; they choose to take the Karma of those bodies, that they may be the better able to help and teach their younger brothers.

*Grades of Elder Brothers.*

Even in the mineral kingdom there are different grades of being—dull heavy lead, hard dense iron, softer silver, and the diamond. Then it is not strange that there are grades of Elder Brothers. We are Elder Brothers to the kingdoms below us, and to every boy and girl and man and woman who is weaker than we are, not so fortunate, and who does not know the Three Truths. We are on the way to being wiser all the time, and so to know those very much Older Brothers than we. Masters, such as They, are becoming, all the time. Sometime in the past even They were no wiser than we are now. But they turned from their selfish ways to live for others, before we did, and so perhaps they have been born in many more bodies than we have known. They have learned more quickly and more than we, by knowing and living the Three Truths. The day comes to every one when he must choose to go quickly on this Path, or lag behind. Every selfish thought and deed makes a laggard;

every thought for and as The Self takes us forward on the way to those great Elder Brothers, to whom we so gratefully owe the Three Truths. It may well be that those Elder Brothers now are glad that we are learning The Truths, and that they know our efforts to act for and as The Self. We may think that we are doing just that much work for them in the world.

*Names Given Elder Brothers.*

Even among the Elder Brothers, you see, there are the younger and the older; those who have more difficult work to do than others have. The name *Master* means the very wisest of all. If you notice how that word is used every day in ordinary life, you will better understand how wise it is. (Examples—school-master, music-master, master-mechanic, master of the art, etc.) *Mahatma* means *great soul.* Elder Brothers are also called *Initiates.* It means that they have entered into secret knowledge. (Perhaps some of you have heard a man say he was "initiated" into the Masonic Lodge. It was Elder Brothers who started that Brotherhood of Masons way back in the distant past—and the first chant we had was one used in those old times, as the learners went out on their journeys.)

"Wise Men," too, are Elder Brothers called, and in old Persia, they were called "Magi." In

Greece and Egypt, they were called "Hierophants," and a word that is used especially for the younger Elder Brothers is "adept." We use that word very commonly among us. "K. is adept at tennis"—means that she is very proficient at tennis. An "adept" in Theosophy would be one who knows and lives The Three Truths. Some poets are adepts, and other men who work in the world for freedom and justice for their fellowmen.

Some of these words seem very difficult, perhaps, but you will see them often when you are studying the histories of ancient peoples. And sometimes when you read of great men, and see by their deeds and what they said, they were acting according to The Three Truths, you will say to yourself, perhaps, "Why, he must have been an adept!"

CLOSE: Reincarnation Song.
Song of First Truth.
Chant of First Truth.

["Because"—Chapter on Masters.]

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## THE WAY

*Abridged from "Probation," by Lily A. Long, reprinted in* THEOSOPHY, *Vol. III., page 208.*

There once lived in a certain country a dreamy, thoughtful youth whose name was Ernest. He wondered much at the tales brought into his mountain-village by travelers from the

valley below, and from the great cities, of palaces and ships still beyond, but most of all he liked to hear of The Brothers of the Silence. They were men banded together in secret to establish a righteous rule in the kingdom now ruled by an evil king. No one, except he were one of them, knew who nor where they were. Each in his own way, they worked, never for themselves, but for a common aim which all their wealth and learning served. A deep longing grew in Ernest's heart to right the wrongs of his country, to share the sacrifices of the Silent Brothers, to know them and be one of them.

Travelers came less often as the mountain pass grew more dangerous, for more than one had perished in a gorge which the villagers for many seasons had neglected to bridge. There came a day, however, when each villager brought his share of timber; trees were hewn for planks and framework, and all was ready for Ernest to construct the bridge. Then as he worked, a stranger came with speech of the Silent Brothers. One of them, he said, had been at the foot of the mountain that day!

Long after the stranger had passed, Ernest sat and pondered. The old dreams of joining the Brothers came strongly. Why, the Silent Brother could not yet be far away! Suddenly, he threw down his axe and took the path towards the valley.

* * *

Ernest wandered far and long, searching for the Silent Brothers—sometimes just missing them—until, with ever new wonders to see, he almost forgot the object of his search. Only when a stranger on the street, one day, reminded him of the hopes and purposes with which he left his home and work, did he reproach himself. Now he knew he must be faithful and steadfast if he expected to meet the Brothers. Yet his next step was to work with revolutionists who would overthrow the king and rule in his stead. Their way, they said, was shorter than that the Brothers took, and why wait? In a year's time he saw their selfish motives with fatal clearness.

Again the stranger appeared and showed Ernest he had sought the Brothers in a wrong way, that he must know the Brothers would never be where lay self-interest. He must search his own heart for the task that was his alone.

Next Ernest joined the army and fought bravely for his country, feeling that so he was doing the work of the Brothers. The land rang with his praises, and now he felt he was worthy to see Them. But no, said the stranger, the Brothers were not concerned with their own advancement, and there had been some selfish ambition in his sacrifices.

The next year, as governor of a small prov-

ince, Ernest was little pleased with his accomplishments, where he had planned so much. But the stranger's voice was kindlier than before when he told him that well-intentioned effort was not enough; he had failed for lack of wisdom.

Ernest, determined to study and wait till he was more ready to be one of the Brothers himself, now gave up his governorship and applied himself to the wise books of the world. New ideas he gained and new ideals, but at the end of the year, the stranger, whom he now called his friend, told him that, unused and unshared, his knowledge would be worthless.

In the world again, trying to teach all men the truths he had found, he met disappointment, for some were too busy to listen, some content with their own ideas, some laughed and some doubted. Only a youth here and there, or an old man, listened and gained light. When he asked the stranger if he were yet fitted to do the Brothers' work, he was told:

"One task remains. I leave you to find it."

Six years had passed since he left his home in the mountains and a yearning for it came upon him. So he journeyed home. There all was as of old—even the mountain torrent tumbling in foamy wrath down the gorge where the bridge should have been. The hewn timbers lay heaped on either bank as he had left

them, and with a blush for the impatient boy and his unfinished task, he set himself to complete it. All summer and winter he labored, but when the spring freshets came, the bridge stood firm above the whirlpool. The one-time stranger stood beside him one morning and said:

"You found the task. It was yours. No other could do it. The Way is through the simple duty that ever lies at hand."

"And is the task done?" asked Ernest doubtingly. "Am I worthy to become one of you?"

The other smiled and said:

"You *are* one of us."

## LESSON XXII

OPENING: Choose song.

REVIEW:

I. Where do Elder Brothers stand on the Ladder of Being?

II. How did the Elder Brothers help in the beginning of this world? (They marked out the plans, and showed all the lower kingdoms how to follow them.)

III. What kingdom did they start first, and why? (The mineral kingdom had to be started first, because there couldn't be any others without that.)

IV. When animal forms grew good enough for men to use, how did Elder Brothers help? (They showed men how to enter into those forms.)

V. How did they do it? (By lighting up the sense and reason of the animal man. So the One Life of The Mind-Man and The Animal Form joined together, and the Self could shine forth.)

VI. What does your memory verse mean? (That the Self is in all forms, but only when the Thinker says "I am The Self" does the Self shine forth, to light up others.)

VII. Who lights up our minds when we are babies? (Our parents.) Later? (Our teachers, and all who know more than we do.)

VIII. Do Elder Brothers need to come into the world to help men? (No, but they choose to come.)

IX. What do they teach men? (Whatever they most need to know, and especially The Three Truths.)

X. Where are They now? (Where they can best help. They are in many places.)

XI. Have the Elder Brothers lived in more bodies than we have? (Yes; they chose to Act for and as The Self sooner than we did, and so they have learned more quickly and had more bodies to learn in.)

XII. What names are Elder Brothers known by? (Master, Mahatma, Initiate, Wise Men, Magi, Hierophants, Adepts.)

STORY: The Elder Brother.

CLOSE: Song of Third Truth.
End with First Chant.

AN ALLEGORY

(The story we are to read to-day is what is called an allegory. You remember our Fable gave us a lesson by representing non-human beings as having human speech and thought. The Allegory also will give us a lesson, by symbolic language; that is, its pictures present us bird's-eye views of great stretches of time and space in a flash. For instance, in this story, when the

path on which the Elder Brother starts is mentioned, we won't think of some especial path in some especial town at some especial time, but of the path we learned of in our very first lesson, which might not take us from our door-yard, yet is the path traveled by all good men and true down through the ages, and which we have started on ourselves; it is the journey of the soul to find its own reality, but it is all an inner journey, a journey of the thoughts, the feelings. So, the early flowers gathered in this story are symbols of pleasant experiences; the fast fading flowers mean a Karma harder to endure.

All the ancient people taught the truths of the soul in this symbolic language; in fact, it is the language of the soul. We cannot often express the meaning of an allegory in so many words; but we can feel the meaning in ourselves too great to express. That is why we like to be quiet for a minute after reading a story like this; to let the pictures rest in our minds, to get the feeling from them before other outside things draw our minds away.)

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## THE ELDER BROTHER

The long stretch of road disappeared at last into the gloom of the darkening sky. The Wayfarer lifted his arms as though seeking help from above; then flung his weary body to the sod by the roadside. Long had been his journey, endless seemed the way. At first bitterness and disappointment filled his heart; but with the peaceful evening, the sweet scents from the earth, the calm, pale sky above him, a sense of rest stole over him, and he was

soothed. In fancy he trod the road again from the beginning; again he was the child merrily trudging along, never daunted, fearless, light of heart, snatching at gay butterflies, pulling bright flowers. This was good, but better the next, when life like a flame burned in his heart, and hope carried him with certain tread over the stony ways. Then, with his failing youth, departed hope and courage; fear possessed him and his footsteps faltered. Sometimes he gathered flowers but they soon faded; sometimes the birds sang to him, but their note was not the same. And now with waning strength and straining eyes, he groped on, longing for the end.

In the sky the evening star appeared.

Often under the stars he had lain, always asking: "Why? Why the long, long road, the unending toil, the uneven way?"

At last sleep came. Then the stars whispered their secrets to him.

They told him that many times he had traveled this road in sadness and in joy; that sometimes, where he had stepped, flowers and fruits had sprung up from the earth to gladden other pilgrims; sometimes his step had laid a snare for those who followed; many were those whom he had helped along; some owed their fall to him. Always when he had smoothed the road for others, his heart was glad and good came to

him; when in the press of life, he had struggled ahead, forgetful of the good of the weaker ones, he made the sorrow that was sure to come. The stars told him that life is service; that only by his making the road easier for others would he be released from his wearying travels; that only by work, forgetful of self, would the joy of the road come to him, and he would cull the flowers that never fade.

Morning dawned with a new sweetness; and all that day and for many days he labored—labored with strength renewed, for now while working, he had no thought of self. When others asked him why he worked, he answered:

"For you all."

Many stayed and helped him. At last the road grew beautiful; the Companions planted flowers and trees, and helped the tottering feet of little children. A mighty plan was in their minds; a vision. Along the road of the future they saw the procession pass, strong-limbed, fearless, happy—the ground firm underfoot, the trees arched overhead—men, women, children, all brothers, hand in hand, with song upon their lips.

The Companions grew in strength and usefulness; the way lay straight and smooth before them, whereon shone the starry footsteps of the Wayfarer. Then the stars whispered to him,

"Rest is Thine if Thou wishest. Great work is Thine if Thou desire it, beyond."

And so, the journey along the road being no longer a necessity to him, he passed on. The Angels who serve the Masters offered him their best, rest, and bliss unspeakable for aeons of time. He laughed at rest. Work was his rest, he said. So, as his toil had indeed been great, the Angels gave into his keeping all the colors of the heavens. Then for many periods of countless days and nights, he painted on the morning sky the sunrise, the glow of evening with the sunset. And so with life and work unceasing, progression unimaginable, he journeys on.

The thought of him, and his work, recorded in their hearts ever lifts the Companions to aspirations pure; ever along the way of life, after his plan they build—the Masters' plan, along the Masters' way.

*Note* 1. The work with Nature is symbolical of Masters' work in the Universe—with all Nature—which we cannot imagine.

*Note* 2. Angel.

Just as we have learned there are beings in the world—elementals, fairies—lower than any kingdoms we see—but which according to the Third Truth, must in countless aeons of time become men; so there are other beings in the Universe, intelligent beings, which we call Angels. We must not think of them, though, as separated *forms* as ours are; they are, rather *kingdoms* of intelligence, but they, in countless ages past, have *been* men; so they know how to perform their

part in the Universe. An Elder Brother, however, who has incarnated in the world, knows and sympathizes, and helps it in all its sorrows and joys, is greater than all the angelic hosts in the Universe put together, for he has conquered all the experiences possible in the Universe. The angels did not incarnate in this universe, so they are cut off from such experience, and their knowledge is consequently less than that of the Elder Brothers.

## SONG OF THE THIRD TRUTH

No conscious thing beneath the sky
  Will ever cease to be;
Unending, all, as Thou and I,
  Tho' forms change constantly.

The life imprisoned in dull earth
  May bloom a lovely flower;
So all evolve a fairer birth
  When Law brings forth the hour.

And on through endless reach of time,
  Through forms from stone to man,
As up a ladder beings climb;
  This is the perfect plan.

The Masters men perfected are;
  And we may also climb
To starry heights in worlds afar,
  And know the Truth sublime.

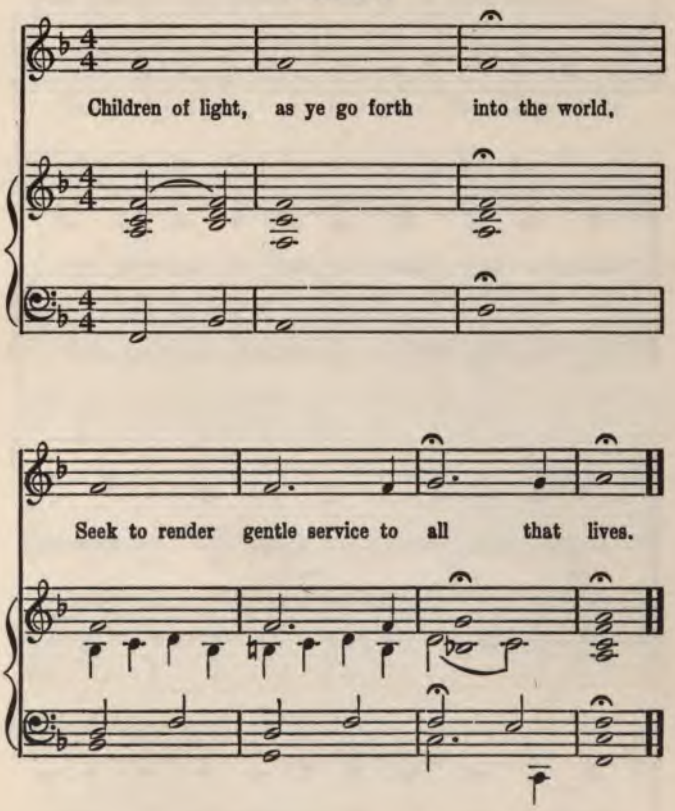
Rememb'ring ever, That Thou Art,
  The way will shorter grow,
True Brotherhood within thy heart,
  Thou'lt reach to Those who Know.

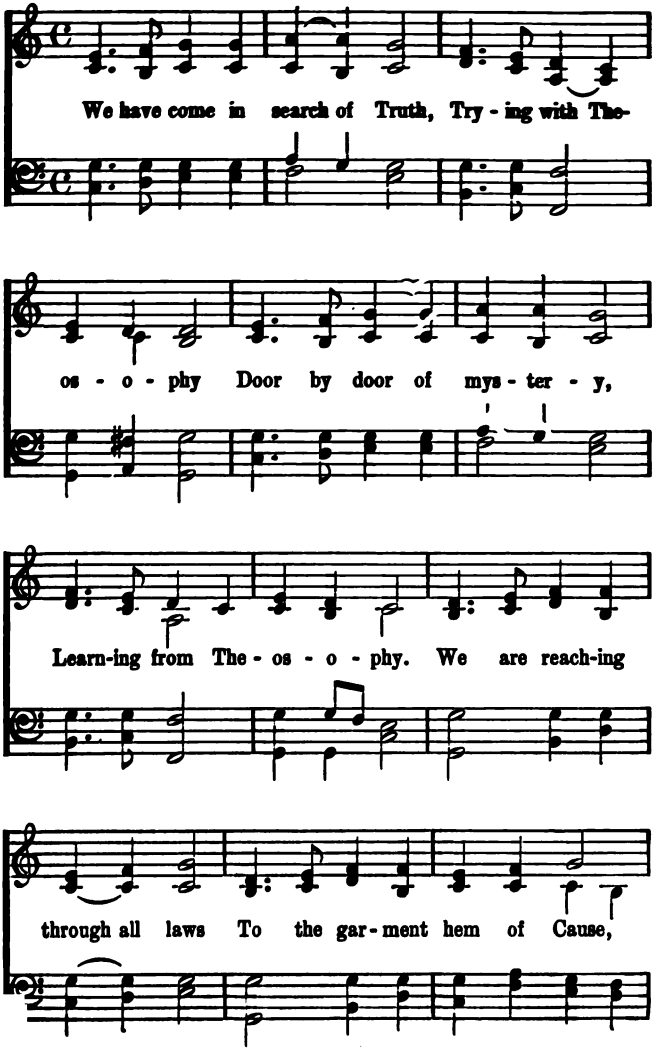
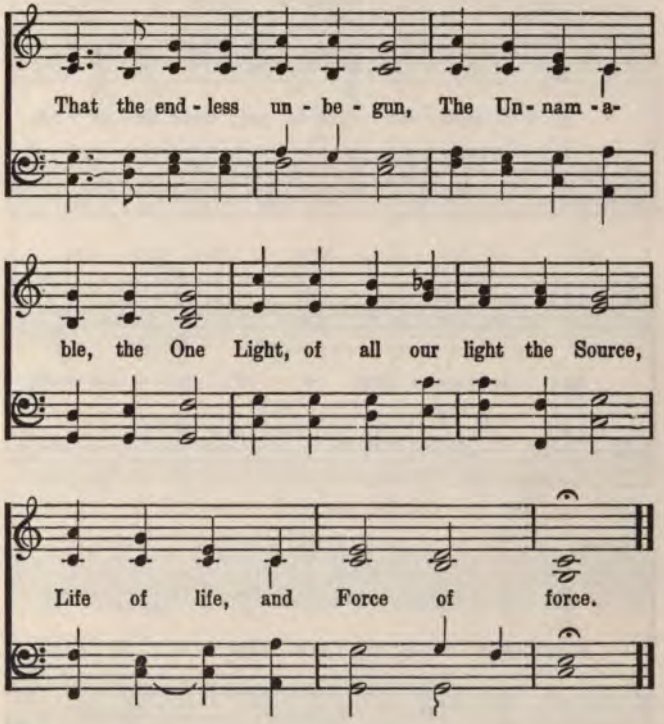
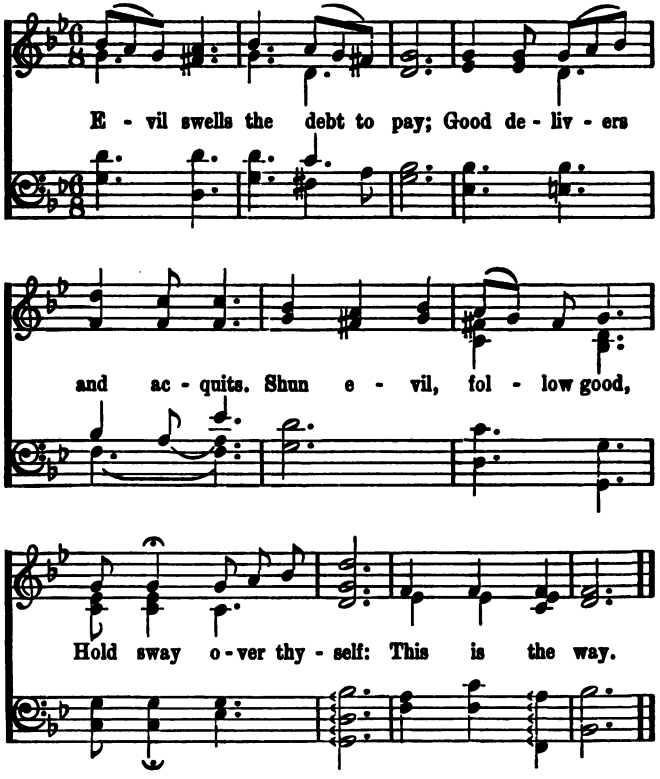
The first and second stanzas are sung as one; also third and fourth. Music, page 159.

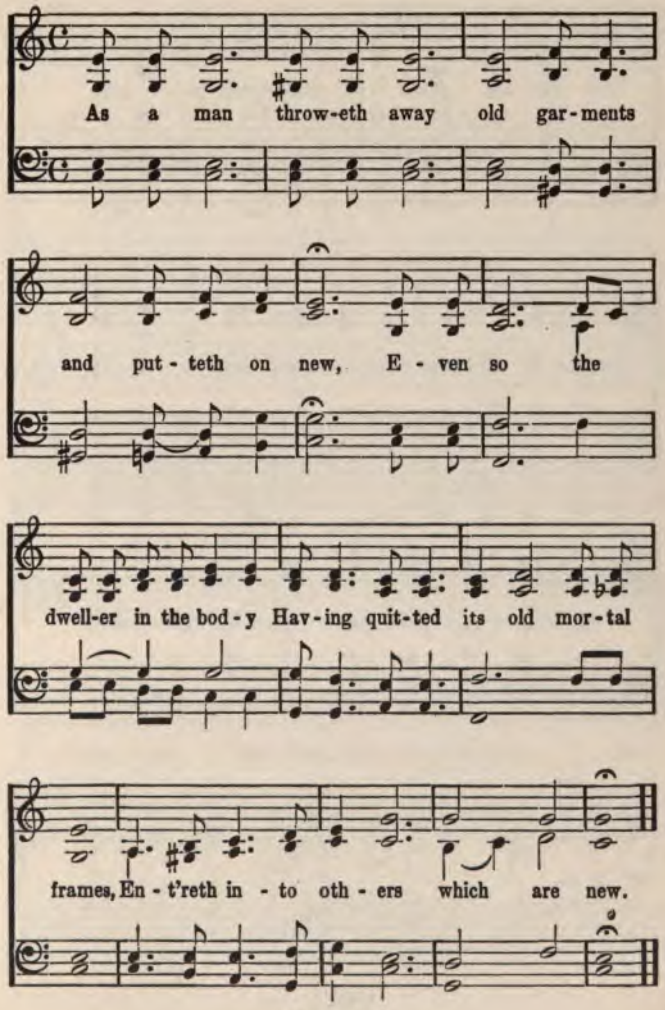
[In Appendix—Three Who Sought Out the Way, page 226.
From the Book of Images, page 220 and page 231.]

# APPENDIX

## CHANT


Children of light, as ye go forth into the world,
Seek to render gentle service to all that lives.

# THE FIRST TRUTH

## THE FIRST TRUTH—Concluded

## KARMA

E - vil swells the debt to pay; Good de - liv - ers
and ac - quits. Shun e - vil, fol - low good,
Hold sway o - ver thy - self: This is the way.

## REINCARNATION

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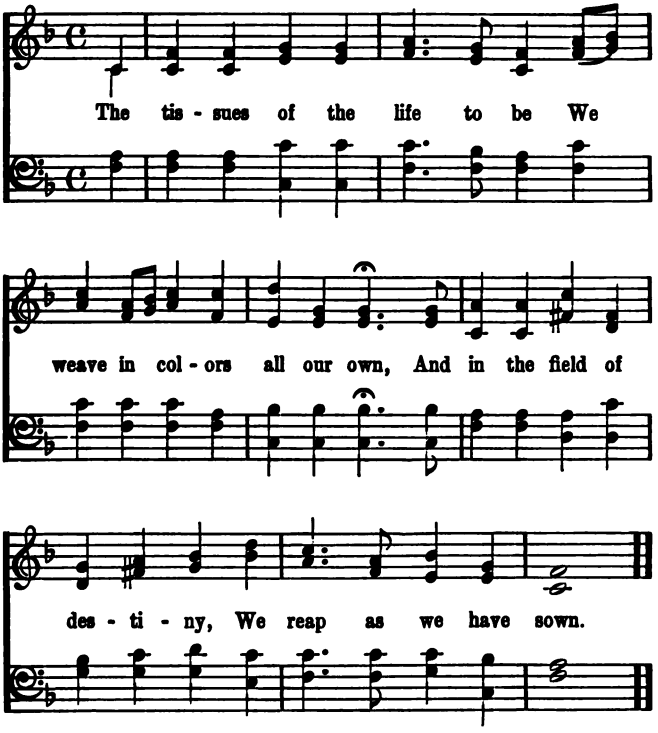
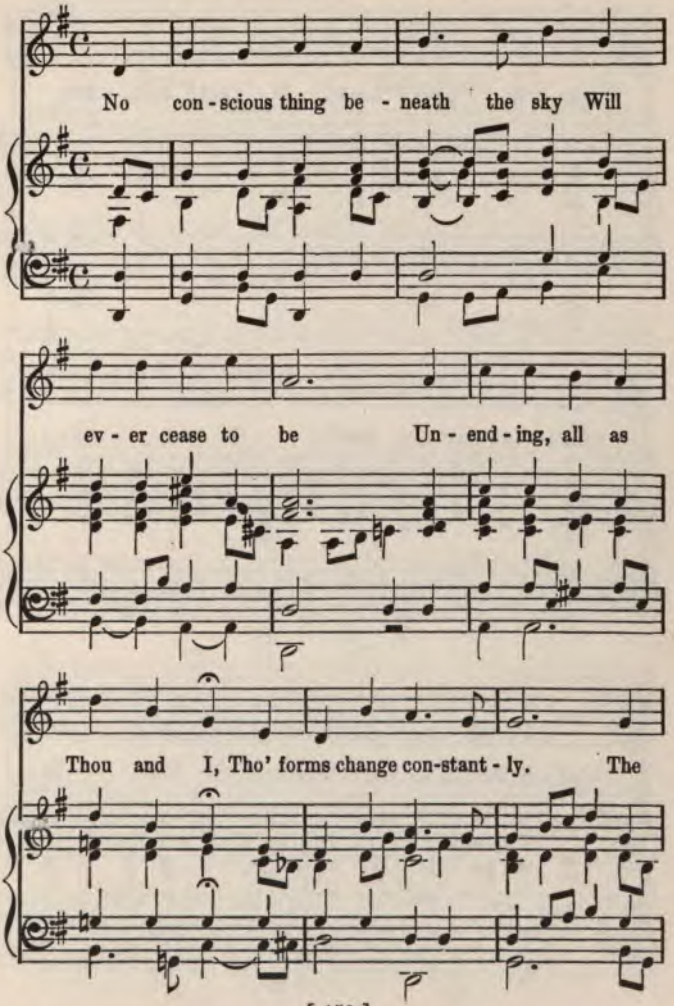
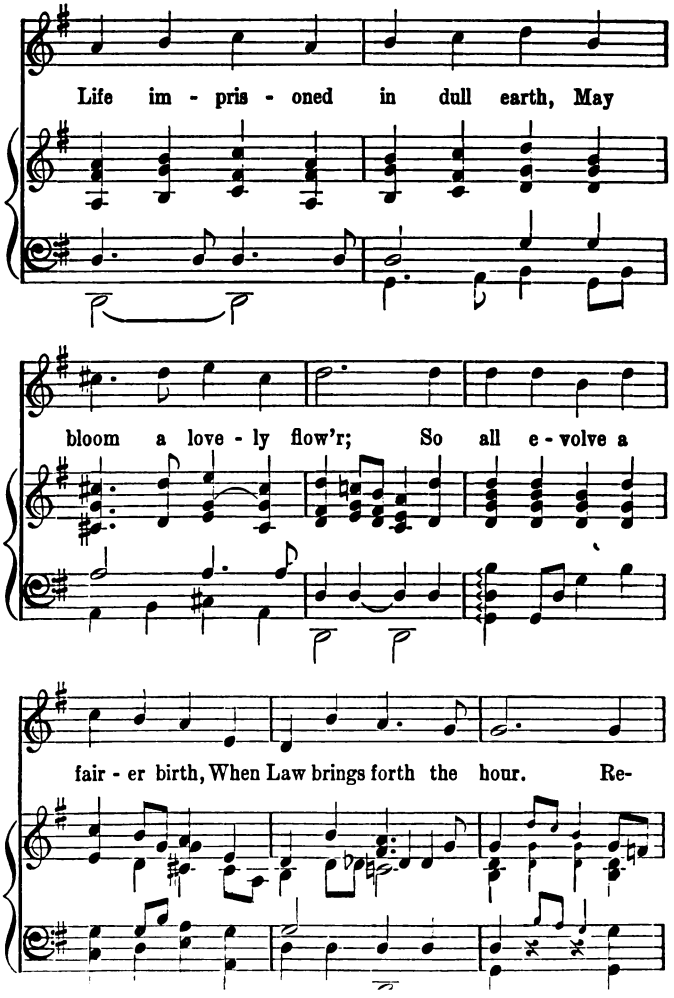
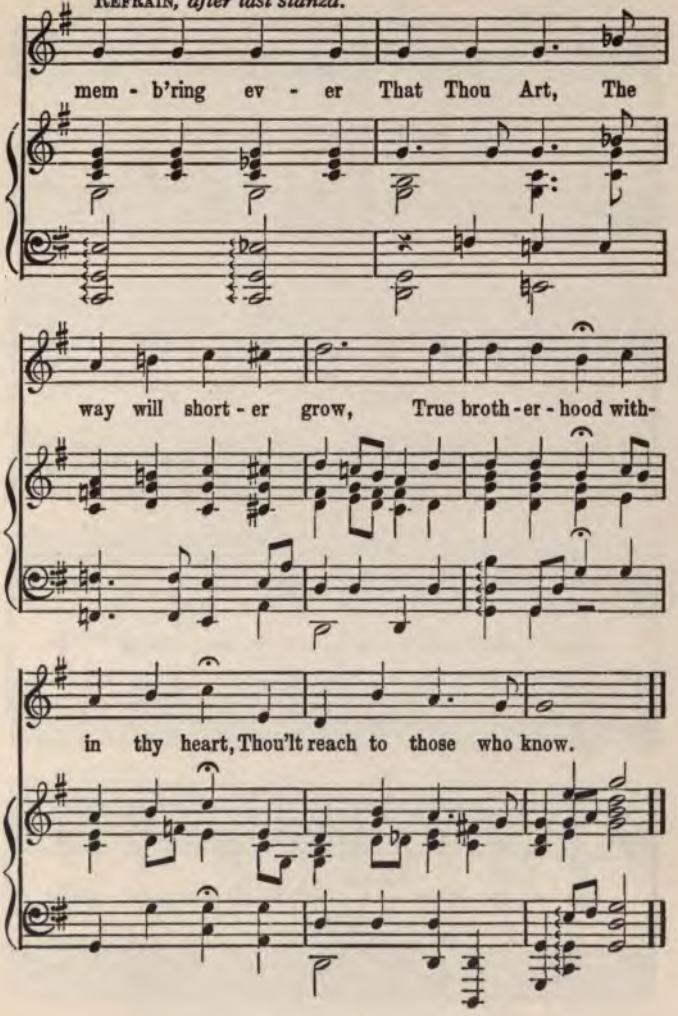
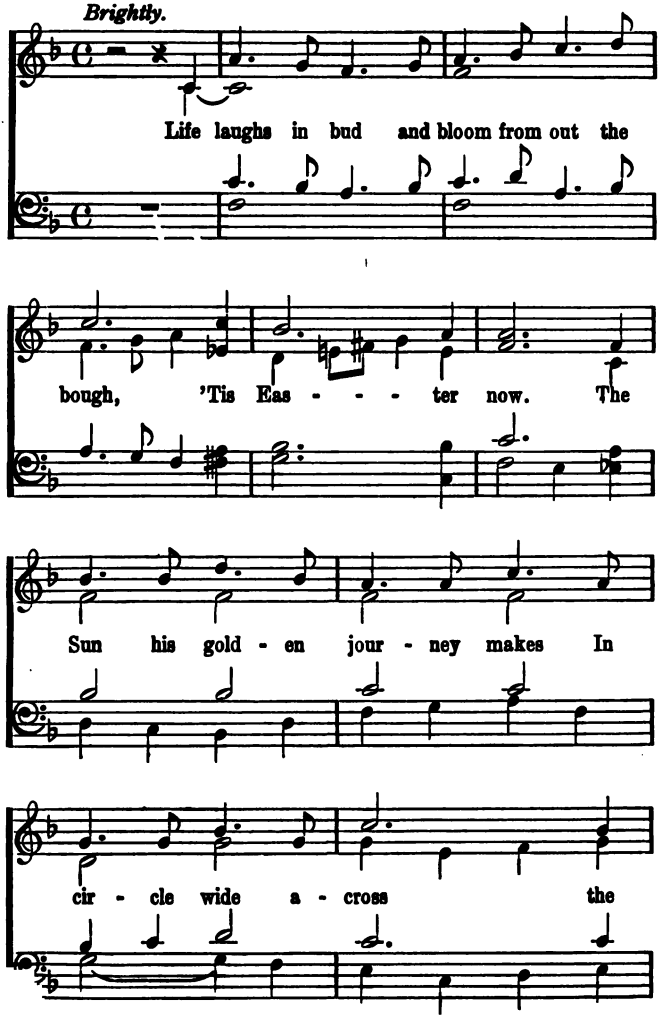
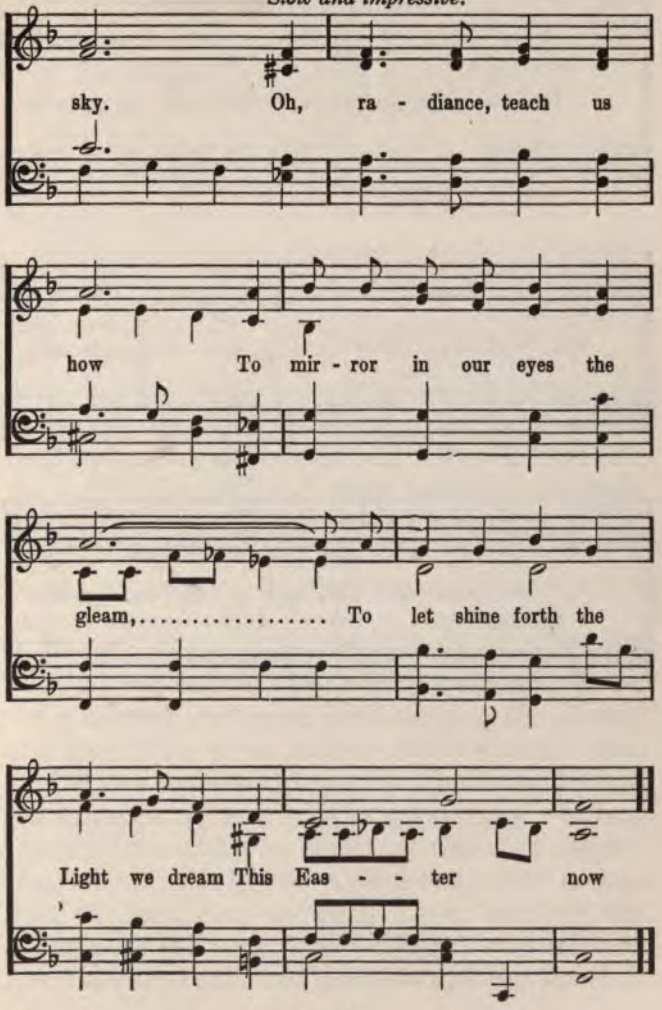
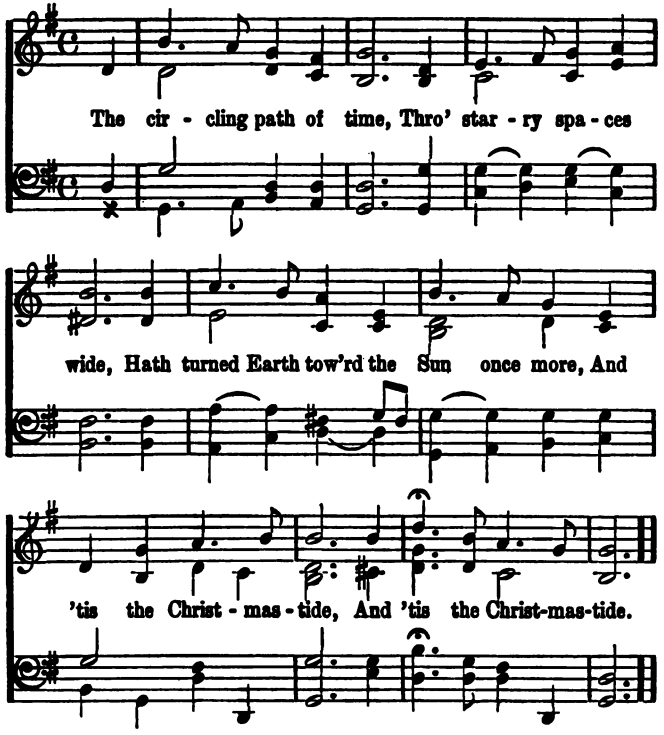

# THE THIRD TRUTH

Life im - pris - oned in dull earth, May
bloom a love - ly flow'r; So all e - volve a
fair - er birth, When Law brings forth the hour. Re-

## THE THIRD TRUTH—Concluded

REFRAIN, *after last stanza.*

# EASTER

Brightly.
Life laughs in bud and bloom from out the
bough, 'Tis Eas - - - ter now. The
Sun his gold - en jour - ney makes In
cir - cle wide a - cross the

*Slow and impressive.*

## CHRISTMAS SONG



## A LETTER WRITTEN ON EASTER SUNDAY

South Pasadena, California,
Easter Sunday.

Dear Mary:—

We had such a beautiful Easter lesson to-day at Mrs. Linden's house, but we missed you. It seemed such a pity you had to have the chicken-pox just now! So when we were coming away, Mrs. Linden said, "It really would be nice if some girl would write Mary and tell her about the lesson!" I said right off, "Oh, I'd just love to." So she gave me your memory verse to put in my letter, even if you do have to have another that hasn't been near chicken-pox to put in your book. I think it's just the prettiest way of saying what Easter is, don't you?

"The boughs put forth their tender buds
And Life is Lord of all."

Of course, we began with singing the Chant, and then Mrs. Cross told us about Easter. She said that it is named from the Goddess Ostara, the beautiful Queen of the Springtime. When Ostara first came to earth, at the very beginning of the world, she wondered what it was that she had been given to do as part of the world's work. As she wondered, she noticed how dark and cold and dead everything seemed,

though she knew, of course, that the Life in all things was only sleeping for awhile till it was time to wake up again. Then it suddenly came to her that this was why she was on earth—to wake things up!

So, Ostara breathed softly on all the land, and on all the trees, and on all the peoples. And what do you think happened? Why, new bodies for Life to work through sprang up everywhere! The trees put forth new buds; new baby chicks came out of their eggs, new birds from *their* eggs, even new beetles and insects came out of their tiny eggs; and the eggs of many fishes, too, when the rays of the warm Easter sun reached them, hatched out scores of tiny fish. New little plants came up, as Life pushed them up from the tiny eggs at the ends of their roots.

Do you know, Mary, I never thought before that a seed was just the same as an egg, even in shape. Did you?

Well, when the beautiful Goddess saw all this wonderful work of hers, she said:

"Hereafter, every year I will have one day called Easter after me. That day, all shall celebrate the awakening of Life from its winter sleep. Then shall all people be joyous and glad and give each other eggs as gifts, for the *Egg* shall be my symbol. So it is fitting, for all Life is first within the egg."

Howard asked why we had colored eggs,

and Mrs. Cross said that, too, was a symbol. In the egg is Life, and Life is Light, and all colors come from the One white light. She showed us how that was, too, by putting a little prism just of white glass into the sunlight. Then we saw a shadow on the wall from it in all the colors of the rainbow!

Mrs. Linden told us how the egg itself grew. First there is a tiny point of Life, which is just like the center of the Sun, for it sends out rays on either side, and then rays up and down. Now, Mary, do you see that makes a cross? The cross is another symbol, the symbol of Life in the body, and I never thought before that when we stand with our arms right out from the shoulder, our bodies form a cross. We all did that to see. You just imagine more and more rays from that point of Life, and think a line around them, and haven't you an egg again? That line is the shell that roofs the house for Life.

Really, an egg is a wonderful thing, isn't it? Wise Men have always known it, and they said it was a symbol of the great Universe; the sky, like the egg-shell; the white of the egg, like the sea and air; and the yolk of the egg like the earth. But inside of all is the seed of Life, that is everywhere, always.

Then, Mary, Mrs. Cross explained another symbol of Easter—the story of how Jesus rose from His tomb. I think she told it differently

from any way I ever heard it before, so I'm going to tell you, even if it does make a dreadfully long letter.

Jesus lived nearly two thousand years ago. He came to teach the Jews the old truths about the soul that we have been learning in Theosophy. But the Jews were selfish, and very few of them cared to know these things. Jesus told them they were selfish and deceitful and unkind and they should "Act for and as The Self." You know, Mary, how often we are vexed when Mother or Teacher reproves us, even though we know they are right? Just so, the Jews were angry at Jesus for his teachings. His teaching and example made them so uncomfortable that they decided to kill him. They stoned him, and nailed his body to a cross, and there, the foolish Jews thought Jesus died. But, of course, you and I know Jesus did not die. He simply slipped out of this earth body (just as we do each night on our way to Dreamland) and he was living still in his finer starry body, like the one we use when we are asleep.

Well, the body of Jesus was laid away in a tomb, and a stone rolled up against the door. But Jesus did have some mysterious friends who took his body away, leaving behind the wrappings that were on it. When the people saw the door of the tomb burst open, they wondered where Jesus had been carried. Suddenly they looked, and saw the living Jesus! And

they said, "Now is our Lord risen from the dead!"

Jesus was so very wise that he knew how to use his finer bodies, just as we do these bodies of earth. So he showed them himself as he really was, that they might know there is no such thing as death for the Soul, The Perceiver. It always *is*—and it always has some kind of a body—just as an egg always has a shell. Death of one body only means that Life goes on in another body, which is far more beautiful.

Then, Mary, we had a surprise,—an egg-hunt! We each went out into the other room, and found a basket of colored eggs with a large golden one in the middle. On each golden egg was written a name for The First Truth. Mine was Consciousness, and Janet's was God, and Cameron's was Life—and I've forgotten already which ones had Spirit, Soul, Light and Truth. I told Mrs. Linden that at all other egg-hunts I had ever had, each one tried to see who could find the most eggs, and she said:

"Well, my dear, Theosophists try not to get the most, but to give the most or to see that each one has what is his. We are working not for *our* selves, but for The Self of all."

That made me feel very solemn inside, but just the same, it was a lovely joyous kind of a lesson, and I wish you had been there!

With love,

KATHLEEN.

## Easter Song

Music, page 162.

Life laughs in bud and bloom
From out the bough;
'Tis Easter now.
The Sun his golden journey makes
In circle wide across the sky.
O, Radiance, teach us how
To mirror in our eyes the gleam!
To let shine forth the Light we dream
This Easter now.

The form here used is not especially recommended for the Easter lesson; simply the material is given to be used at the teacher's discretion. The lesson on cycles—the one on Christmas—and the one on Law, where the action of life in the egg is described, should all be combined. (Mar. 21st, of course, always the real Easter.) The Christmas song can be used nicely by substituting "Easter" for "Christmas" in the first stanza; also substitute for "seed time of earth"—"birthtime of earth."

## CHRISTMAS LESSON

(In conjunction with Lesson XII.)

OPENING: Song—First Truth.

LESSON:

Who knows what is the longest day in the year? (June 21st.) Who knows what is the shortest day? (December 21st.) Who knows why it is so? On the 21st of June the earth in its course slants most directly into the sun; December 21st, after having slanted off, slants toward it again.

We've all noticed how in winter the sun shines into our south windows almost all day, and in summer the sun does not get in at all, if our roofs overhang, because it is so directly overhead! It is on the 21st of December that the sun takes his first step toward the summer again, and his setting gets a little farther north each day. December 21st is really the beginning—the birthtime of the growing year—the real New Year, you see, according to the natural clock, or cycle. We celebrate the New Year later because it is easier to see by then the change of the new cycle. The ancient Indians and Egyptians and Persians and Greeks thought of the sun as the Life-Giver to all growing things, but they knew it to be only the

symbol of the True Sun—the One Light—The Self (First Truth). They knew that The Self acts only through beings, and that this great sun of our world was just the actor for, and the instrument of, The Self—like a lens for—the True Sun. They finally came to think of all the forces or beings in the sun as making up one being, which they worshipped as the sun-god, or Life-Giver—much as many of your little friends think of God as a big good man outside themselves—rather than as The Real Self ***within*** each and every being everywhere throughout all Space. These ancient peoples noting the cycle of the sun, celebrated the 25th of December every year, the new birth of their sun-gods, and a part of their celebration was the singing of hymns to the image of an infant, representing their sun-god, then born again.

Now it seems very fitting, doesn't it, that an Elder Brother, who was born into the world to be a teacher of the Three Truths, should have his birthday at the birth-time of the new sun-cycle? That, anyway, is what the priests of the Catholic church thought when it was given to them to decide on a day to celebrate, several hundred years (Fourth Century A. D.) after the birth of the Holy One. No one really knew by then when He did come—either the day or the year. Only very Wise Men know that, because they know the cycles.

Yet, we know something about cycles—so

let us see what we shall discover by recalling that it takes the sun about 25,868 years to travel through the signs of the Zodiac. There are twelve signs; so dividing into 25,868 by 12, we find that it must take about 2,155 years for the sun to get from one sign to the other.

Now it seems as if the Old World learns and forgets in that time, so that a Wise Elder Brother has to come to earth to remind it again of what it has forgotten; 2,155 years is the cycle which marks the time when a messenger is needed. Well, the Sun turned into the constellation of Pisces 255 B. C. (explain B. C.), and that means a Wise One came somewhere around that time, before the year 1—which we usually reckon as the birth year of Jesus.

Do you think it very strange we don't know *just* when? You see, such a Messenger is recognized only by a few at first; Jesus never wrote anything, and those who knew Him did not write of Him till long after He had died; so all we have is a few legends about Him, and we can only know He was a great Teacher by the wise things they report Him saying—which are according to The Three Truths.

Perhaps we think that *we* should recognize such an One! Well, let us look again at the cycle. Somewhere around 1900 the sun passed into Aquarius: was there any Messenger at about that time teaching the Three Truths?

Yes; in 1875 Madame Blavatsky began to teach Theosophy, just as we are learning it now. She left her body in 1891—and she said that in 1975, another Messenger would come to carry the work still further on, if those living up to that time are faithful in doing service and learning the Three Truths. Perhaps you very boys and girls will live to see that Messenger and know Him, and, anyway, you can teach the boys and girls who will be men and women then how to know Him.— Both 1875 and 1975 come within the cycle of the Messenger.

Now let us go back to the birth-time of Jesus, who was called the Christ, the Illuminated One, because he had learned perfectly how to think every thought, and do every deed for and as The Self, before he entered that baby form in Bethlehem of Judea on the day now called Christmas—Christ's day. (Mass—the service.)

Wise men knew the cycle then and were expecting Him, you see, so that they were there from far eastern countries to greet Him with gifts and thanksgiving. (Gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh. Gold—a symbol of the sun. Others, symbols of most precious gifts. All gifts should be symbols of love and thoughtfulness—of soul and spirit—for and as The Self.) Little did it mean to Wise Men that the infant Jesus was born in a lowly manger, with patient oxen munching the sweet hay nearby;

they knew that the glory of Jesus would never come from riches and lands, but only from knowing and showing the treasures of the soul. And as they looked for the birth-place, they followed a star, which led them to where He lay—that star called The Star of Bethlehem.

It is recorded that Jupiter and Saturn were in conjunction in this cycle—as you remember Venus and Mercury were, not so very long ago, (March, 1916) so that they looked like one bright star and maybe that is the star showing the new birth is near.

All nature seemed to know the cycle for the Messenger had arrived! As Joseph, the father of the little Jesus, looked up into the air, he said he saw the clouds astonished, and the fowls of the air stopping in the midst of their flight —the sheep, while scattering, yet suddenly stood still, and as he looked into the river, he saw the kids with their mouths close to the water and touching it, yet not drinking. He saw a bright cloud overshadow the cave and suddenly it was in the cave, such blinding light, their eyes could not bear it. (The stable built into rocky wall, probably.)

The oxen fell to their knees, and the shepherds sang hymns of rejoicing and, to this day, the custom lasts of singing about the birth of Jesus—and they say that on Christmas alone of all days always the oxen kneel. So they

said in ancient England the hawthorn buds the 24th and blossoms the 25th of December.

Why do we use evergreens at Christmas time? There is another recognition of the cycle, because long, long ago 'twas thought the spirits of the woods and dells flocked to the evergreens and there were protected from frost till milder season.

So, while at Christmas time, we remember the birth-time of Jesus, and give gifts as the Wise Men did of old, but now in memory of the Great Messenger, we do not forget December 25th is the hidden birth-time of all nature. Without the turning of the sun on its cycle then, would be no glorious bursting forth at Easter-time of all the living things in earth—trees and plants and little creatures.

So, too, we must remember, *we* are suns, reflecting the True Sun, The Self—and as we turn on our course, ever acting for The Self, we shall some day come to the Light—"of all our Light the Source." Our Easter-time will come when, like Jesus and other Elder Brothers, we shall become Illuminated Ones—Christs maybe, to younger brothers in ages far away.

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[THE ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE]

The custom of the Christmas tree is a very recent institution. It is of a late date not only in Russia, but also in Germany, where it was

first established and whence it spread everywhere, in the New as well as in the Old World. In France the Christmas tree was adopted only after the Franco-German war, later therefore than 1870. According to Prussian chronicles, the custom of lighting the Christmas tree as we now find it in Germany was established about a hundred years ago. It penetrated into Russia about 1830, and was very soon adopted throughout the Empire by the richer classes.

It is very difficult to trace the custom historically. Its origin belongs undeniably to the highest antiquity. Fir trees have ever been held in honor by the ancient nations of Europe. As evergreen plants, and symbols of never-dying vegetation, they were sacred to the nature-deities, such as Pan, Isis and others. According to ancient folklore the pine was born from the body of the nymph Pitys* (the Greek name of that tree), the beloved of the gods Pan and Boreas. During the vernal festivals in honor of the great goddess of Nature, fir trees were brought into the temples decorated with fragrant violets.

The ancient Northern peoples of Europe had a like reverence for the pine and fir trees in general, and made great use of them at their various festivals. Thus, for instance, it is well known that the pagan priests of ancient Germany, when celebrating the first stage of the

*A nymph beloved by the god Pan and changed into a fir tree.

sun's return toward the vernal equinox, held in their hands highly ornamented pine branches. And this points to the great probability of the now Christmas custom of lighting Christmas trees being the echo of the pagan custom of regarding the pine as a symbol of a solar festival, the precursor of the birth of the Sun. It stands to reason that its adoption and establishment in Christian Germany imparted to it a new, and so to speak, Christian form.

Thence fresh legends—as is always the case explaining in their own way the origin of the ancient custom. We know of one such legend, remarkably poetical in its charming simplicity, which purports to give the origin of this now universally prevailing custom of ornamenting Christmas trees with lighted wax tapers.

Near the cave in which was born the Saviour of the world grew three trees—a pine, an olive, and a palm. On that holy eve when the guiding star of Bethlehem appeared in the heavens, that star which announced to the long-suffering world the birth of Him, who brought to mankind the glad tidings of a blissful hope, all nature rejoiced and is said to have carried to the feet of the Infant-God her best and holiest gifts.

Among others the olive tree that grew at the entrance of the cave of Bethlehem brought forth its golden fruit; the palm offered to the Babe its green and shadowy vault, as a protection

against heat and storm; alone the pine had nought to offer. The poor tree stood in dismay and sorrow, vainly trying to think what it could present as a gift to the Child-Christ. Its branches were painfully drooping down, and the intense agony of its grief finally forced from its bark and branches a flood of hot transparent tears, whose large resinous and gummy drops fell thick and fast around it. A silent star, twinkling in the blue canopy of heaven, perceived these tears; and forthwith, confabulating with her companions—lo, a miracle took place. Hosts of shooting stars fell down, like unto a great rain shower, on the pine until they twinkled and shone from every needle, from top to bottom. Then trembling with joyful emotion, the pine proudly raised her drooping branches and appeared for the first time before the eyes of a wondering world, in most dazzling brightness. From that time, the legend tells us, men adopted the habit of ornamenting the pine tree on Christmas Eve with numberless lighted candles.

[H. P. BLAVATSKY.]

## CHRISTMAS SONG

Music, page 164.

The circling path of time,
  Through starry spaces wide,
Hath turned Earth toward the Sun once more—
  And 'tis the Christmas-tide.

Toward Light and Life we move,
  With hearts refreshed we sing;
The seed-time of old Earth renewed—
  To all this message bring:

Good will to all that lives;
  A waking-time of heart
In service that the Masters teach,
  Rejoice whate'er the part.

And this—the Christ in all—
  And all men brothers be;
One Source of Light and Life and Love!
  The Soul's own radiancy!

# STORIES

*Reprinted From the Magazine*

THEOSOPHY

## SOCRATES TEACHES A CHILD

He drew me very close upon his shoulder. "Do you not always know what is right? Think carefully, little one; do you not always know?"

I pondered a long while. "Yes," I answered, "I do know, when I stop to remember; but how do I know?"

"You have said it. You remember."

"But when did I learn?" I cried, in astonishment.

He paused, holding me out at arm's length and looking in my face. "It is hard to explain," he said. "It is almost too hard for a child to understand; it is often too hard for grown men. But I will do what I can to make it plain to you."

We were now between the Long Walls, and the low sun cast before us far-streaming shadows and tinted the battlements of the distant city.

"Do you see those walls?" he said. "They stretch far; but you saw that they had a beginning, and you know that they have an end. For all things that have a beginning have an end. But that which has no beginning can have no end. Can you think otherwise?"

"But is there anything like that?" I cried.

"You know the meaning of what men call 'time'," he said. "Can you think that it had any beginning, or that it will ever have an end?"

"No; it goes on always. But time—it isn't anything at all," I persisted.

"Well," he said, "you, at least, are something; for you can think and know. But can you remember when first you began to be?"

"No; I cannot remember."

"Perhaps, then, there is something within you that had no beginning. And if that is so, it has had plenty of time to learn. Some think," he said, "that what we call learning is really only remembering. Already you have much to remember, little son of Hagnon."

"Yes," I cried, harking back, "and if it had no beginning it hasn't any end either; for you said so. My mother thought that; but she did not explain as you do."

"And if there is something within us that was not born and can never die, but is like time itself, can this be anything else than that part of us which thinks and knows, which men call the soul?"

"It must be that," I said; "for they put the rest in the ground or burn it up. I never understood about the soul before."

"And now," said he, "which part do you think is best worth caring for,—that part which

we cast away like a useless garment when it is torn by violence or grows old and worn, or that part which lives always?"

"It is foolish to ask me that; of course it is the part that doesn't die," I answered.

"I am glad," said he, "that you think this a foolish question. Yet there are many who do not understand even this; for just as some care only for clothes, some care only for their bodies. And that, perhaps, is why people do not remember all at once, but very slowly and not clearly, just as one would see things through a thick veil, such as the women sometimes wear before men. It is only when this veil, which is our flesh, is woven very light and fine, or when it has grown old and is worn very thin, that we can see anything through it plainly; and even then all that we see looks misty and does not seem real."

"Yes, but the women can peep over," I explained.

"And we, too, doubtless, can peep over sometimes," he answered, smiling. "It is better then, as you think, and I certainly think so, to seek the things that are good for the soul, which is your very self, than to seek what seems good to the body, which we keep only for a little while."

"And that is why you wear no shoes!" I cried.

"What need have I of shoes?" he said.

Again I pondered. "What are the things that are good for the soul?" I asked him.

"There is but one thing that is good for the soul," he said. "Men call it virtue. But it is only always doing what is right."

There was a long silence after that. At last I spoke again. "But the gods," I said—"they do not die at all. And men die; at least, a part of them dies. And I do not understand about those things that have no beginning and do not come to any end. I never saw anything like that. Tell me more about that."

He set me down in the ruddy twilight and drew a little circle in the dust. "What is that?" he asked me.

"It is the letter the Syracusan called O," I said. "And it really has no beginning and no end," I cried, clapping my hands. "I remember now. And are our souls like that?"

"I sometimes think so," he said.

"But the gods—what are they like? and why do they not die, like men?"

He looked about and picked up a dart that had fallen from a wagon. This he took by the end, and swinging on his heel traced with the point a larger circle, wide around the little one. Then he measured a handbreadth on each. "See," he said, "on the little circle even this short path is much bent, while on the larger it is almost straight."

"Yes," I cried, breathlessly; for it seemed wonderful, all the things that he knew.

"And if the circle were larger yet, the line that makes it what it is would be still straighter."

"Yes," I answered again.

"And if it were made as great as the universe, which the gods alone can compass even in thought, then its path would be altogether straight in every part, running on forever and never swerving or turning back, like the flight of time. Such is the life of the immortals; but the lives of men move in little circles."

I drew a long breath, but made no answer. For this was greater than all that my mother had told me of. I could not even question him further, though all was vague and dim within me. Again he lifted me up and went on; and when he had gone a long way and it was now quite dark, hugging his neck more closely, "Tell me who you are," I said.

"You heard them speak my name," he answered. "And it may be that you have heard before of a certain Socrates, about whom some say foolish things. But what they say is not true,—neither that I am very wise nor that I am more foolish than others."

"No," I answered, "I never heard anything about you till today. I did not mean what is your name, but what is it that you do."

"I try to find out about the truth," he said.

"And is that all you do?"

"I try always to do what I think is right. Nothing else—unless it be something else to go about asking questions. I know that many dislike me, because I show them that they are believing lies and telling lies to others; but I know also that the gods have commanded me to live just as I do."

"The gods—those gods—they speak to you, Socrates?" I asked, with a greater awe than I had ever known.

"They speak to me," he repeated, bowing his head so that his cheek touched mine, "and I have never willingly disobeyed that voice, nor ever shall. It would come to others if they would listen."

"It is so strange," I said presently, "that you are not beautiful, like Alcibiades. Perhaps it is only your clothes. My father is rich, and he shall give you clothes and money."

"I have no use for thy father's money, son of Hagnon," he answered, sharply. And then he spoke softly, as if he were sorry for that one little harshness. "I take money from no one; yet the thought in your heart was kind, and for that I thank you. But perhaps I am richer than you suppose—richer even than your father. For he, I think, wants many things, and I want nothing."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that those are the richest who do not need anything?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean," he answered. "And as to my not taking money—not to speak of any other reasons now, though there *are* other reasons—it does not seem to me to be right for one who is richer to take from those who are poorer."

I pondered over this; for to me these were new ideas, and I had never seen anybody, unless it were my mother, who did not seem to care for money. Even those who gave it away in great purses, like my father, and those who flung it about and pretended not to care, like Alcibiades, did care and set great store by it; that I saw clearly enough. But this man did not care for it at all. Then my thoughts went back to those still stranger things that he had said about the soul. That was the reason of his not caring,—he cared only for the soul, because that was the only thing that lasted. All the rest was to him like the things that one leaves for the slaves to use.

* * * *

"Tell me," I broke out, suddenly, "what is it that really happens when one dies?"

"I do not know," he said. And this shocked me, for I had thought that of course he would know all about it. "But I do know this," he went on, "that no harm can ever come to any

soul that always does what is right."

But I was sceptical now. "How can you know that," I demanded, "when you do not know what happens?"

"Have you ever thought why it is," he asked, "that some things are right and other things wrong?"

I had not, but I thought hard now. "It is right," I said, "when we do what the gods want us to."

"And if the gods should want us to do anything that is wrong, or if they should do anything wrong themselves—I do not say that they could—but would that make it right?"

"No!" I cried; for I thought bitterly of my mother, and how we had prayed for her in vain.

"Then right and wrong are something mightier than Jove himself."

"Yes," I answered. Again my spirit was humbled and now I knew why Alcibiades had spoken as he did. "Tell me about it, Socrates."

"I will tell you, then, how it seems to me. To do right is to do what is truly wise. To do wrong is to make a mistake,—wilfully, perhaps, but that is because we think that we are truly wise when we are not. The gods alone are truly wise in everything, and that is why only the gods make no mistakes and never do wrong. If I say anything that you do not think is so, you must stop me."

"Don't stop," I said.

"Well, then, could any real harm come to a soul that is truly wise, and always does what is for the best and never makes mistakes—if that were possible? And it is possible, if we do not forget." He paused, but I did not speak. "And is not this the same as saying that nothing can ever harm the soul of one who does right and never does wrong, whatever may happen, now or hereafter? I do not think that we need to know just what it is that happens, little son of Hagnon."

"But there are such wicked men," I cried, "and if they catch you it isn't any use to be good."

"To be wicked," he said, "is the greatest of all mistakes. It is as if a general should think that all his friends were enemies, and all his enemies friends. A man who is wicked, like the Syrian, is sure to do terrible harm to himself; but he cannot harm any other, not even a child, like you, unless he is able to make him also wicked. And that he cannot do unless you help him; for it is not wrong to suffer what we cannot help, and no such thing ever really harms us. No, little one, the wicked cannot hurt the good."

"But they do hurt them," I insisted.

"Let us be sure that we understand each other," he said. "I do not speak altogether

of what most people call harm and talk about as good and evil, not stopping to remember, but of what is really so. I know that the Syrian thought that he could harm us and meant to do it, and that you thought the same thing and feared him greatly; but you were both mistaken. In what way could he have hurt you?"

"He hurt my throat; and he might have killed me."

"If he had run a knife through your tunic, would that have hurt your body?"

"No, not if it was just the cloth that he cut."

"And even if he had cut the flesh and run a sharp knife right through the body, could he have hurt that part of you which is yourself, and does not die, and is only harmed by doing wrong? No, little one: it is very terrible to think about, but the worst that he could do, without your help, would be to tear or to pluck away its garment from the soul."

"And that is why you were not afraid when the black man lifted up his knife?"

"That is why," he answered.

We were passing now near the place where Alcibiades had rescued me. There was only the light of the stars, but I remember the very stone against which I had leaned crying.

"Why did you not let them kill the Syrian?" I burst forth. "Oh, I wish they had killed him! And Alcibiades—he let him go, too!"

"Even Alcibiades does not always forget," he said. "Do you think it is doing right to kill people? Tell me just what you really think, son of Hagnon."

"He ought to be killed," I cried, hotly. "Oh, I wish they had trampled on him till he was spattered about like the grapes when they make them into wine!" And I gritted my teeth in sheer fury at the thought of him.

"It is true that he deserves punishment," said Socrates, so soberly that my pulses fell a little. "Do you think that he will not be punished? Is it not a frightful punishment, even now, to be just as he is, with that part of him that cannot die ruined and full of a dreadful poison? Yet if that does not seem to you to be enough, you need not fear lest that be all. Wrong always brings punishment—else it would not be wrong. That is the difference between things that are really wrong, and those things that many think are wrong which are not."

"He ought to be killed," I repeated; and the words still had a good relish.

"Men sometimes make blunders in their killings," he said; "and these, I fear, are very sad mistakes, especially for those who make them. From exile, if it is found to be unjust, a man may be recalled; but when the soul is driven out it cannot be called back. Are

you sure, little boy, that you are so wise as to know always just who ought to be killed? and how he should be killed, and by whom, and when? I myself should fear to say."

"He ought to be killed," I said again, rolling the words on my tongue, but the flavor was not so good. And I went on: "You have killed men, haven't you—in battle, Socrates?"

"I obey the laws of my country. Yes, and I would have killed the Syrian to prevent him from killing you—or bearing you away, which would have been worse—but not otherwise. And if I should say to you, little one, as I said to him, that it is better to die than to kill another, would you too think it foolish, as he did? Would you be so much like him?"

The flavor was all gone now, but I still persisted: "He ought to be killed."

Then Socrates breathed so wearily that I thought he must be tired with carrying me so far; but he did not set me down.

"Little son of Hagnon," he said, "I see that we cannot agree in this; but you are only like all the rest." He continued, but I felt that it was no longer to me that he was speaking: "Many times and in many places have I said this thing with all the skill I knew—that it is never right to do wrong, not even to those who do wrong to us—but they are all like this little child; no one of them ever understood. From

words I know well that none will ever learn it; and even if one should proclaim this truth by deeds, and give up his own life before them to those who had wronged him, and should go to his death in perfect patience, seeking only to show them the way, still how few would understand! In all Athens, I think, not one,—not my dear, slow-minded Crito, who loves me better than himself, nor this keen-witted, perilous Alcibiades, who at least loves my words, nor any other of them all; and those who knew me best would be most eager to avenge me!" He sighed. "To this, no doubt, it will come at last; and perhaps, when the appointed time is reached, those hours of death will yet speak more truth to the souls of men than all these days and years of ceaseless questioning,—to the gods I commit it. And meanwhile, not without my joy, I follow the path that lies before my feet, and obey the mandate of the god, and heed the voice that ever warns and guides me through all the windings of the way up to the gate of death."

"Why do you talk like that, Socrates?" I breathed it in his ear in that meek whisper which is nearest silence; for I wanted to get close to him again.

"I have reason to fear," said he, "that those who, like Hagnon's son, are wise in this wisdom of killing, will some day decide that I too ought

to be killed, and will thereupon issue instructions to the Eleven to do what is needful for putting to silence a troublesome tongue, and the Eleven will proceed in the usual manner."

"That would be dreadful, Socrates," I cried, almost sobbing. "You shall not say it—" and I laid my hand across his lips. "But you are not in earnest, Socrates; you are laughing. And you know what I meant. It is only people like the Syrian that ought to be killed." And in this I did not yield, not even to him, but kept saying it over and over in my heart, that the Syrian ought to be killed.

At length, as we passed through the darkness of the narrow lanes, with only a streak of black sky sprinkled with stars above us, I again opened my lips.

"The gods kill people," I said.

"Do you know that the gods kill people, little sophist? or do you just say it, not knowing at all?"

"I am not a sophist," I answered, thinking of the Syracusan. "But they sent the plague."

"Do you really know that they sent the plague? If you should thrust your hand among the red coals, would you say that the gods had burned you?" I was silent. "I think it would be more just," said he, "to say that Themistocles sent the plague, for if we had not had so many ships the plague would not have

come to us; or Pericles, for if the city had not been so crowded with people by the war it would not have brought such desolation. But if the gods do kill, they at least make no mistakes."

"But they do make mistakes," I cried. "They let my mother die, when they ought to have saved her. And we all prayed so hard; and she was good."

"Some might say," he began—but stopped. "I, at least, will not say it,—for I do not think that it is true. I believe in my soul that your mother was all that you think her—as sweet and as beautiful, almost, as the goddesses who dwell in heaven, and far better than some that the poets sing of. And this question why the gods permit these things, is the hardest that any ever asked me, or can ask."

"They are cruel." And I spoke with a sense of triumph even in my grief.

"They are wise. Can you not trust something to the gods? We cannot know all their wisdom; though afterwards—yet not always—we may see that what they did was best. You wished to sail to Thrace. Athena did not permit you. She was the wiser."

"That is different," I said.

He began again: "Did your mother, in her very love for you, never take anything from you that you wanted?"

"Yes, she took the spiced wine once from my very lips; and I was angry."

"And did she never refuse you anything when you begged her for it?"

"Yes; she would not let me go out through the door; and I begged her many times and cried. She was just like Athena, wasn't she?"

"But afterwards you knew that she was good to you; and you would believe it now, even if you could not quite understand. And just so when the gods take from us what we very much want, and refuse what we pray for though we fall on our faces before them, we often weep bitterly and grow angry, and think that they are cruel and that we know better than they. And all the while they know best; and they are caring for you more tenderly, if that be possible, than your own mother. And but now they have delivered you out of the hands of the Syrian, which your own mother could hardly have done; for, after all, she could not be quite so wise and good, and not nearly so strong, as the immortal gods. Can you not trust them? for it is only thus that we can be truly wise when other wisdom fails us. Can you not trust them—even when you do not understand—just as you trusted her? O little one, it is hard; it is very hard, sometimes, and almost more than we can bear,—but can you not remember to trust them always?"

"I will try to, Socrates," I said choking. And still beneath it all, that same thought was droning in the bottom of my heart—the Syrian ought to be killed.

## ONE WHO FOUND THE GEM

"In the land of the Wise Men there dwelt a young man. Many years had he labored in a strange mine; the 'Mine of the Priceless Gems'; hopefully, bravely, but fruitlessly. He had long known that he who should find the Master Stone would be free, full of peace, and dig no more, for nothing better could be found. He also knew that he who found the stone should seek to share it with all men.

"Many small stones had he found, but they were laid aside to be used when the great stone was reached.

"Silently and steadily he worked on, until one gloomy day when he had grown so weak that he could make but one more effort, that effort was rewarded, and before him lay the great gem. Weary, weak, but joyful, he gathered it into his bosom, and went forth to share it with others; for he who told not of his gem, or shared it not with all men, must lose the stone.

"Far he wandered, telling his wonderful story, the *finding of the Priceless Stone*—the stone that made men greater, wiser, more loving than all things living; the stone that no man could keep unless he gave it away.

"Far he wandered in his own country, seek-

ing to tell his story and give of the Stone to each one he met. Silently they listened—gravely they meditated and gently they said to him: 'This is Kali-Yuga, the dark age. Come to us a hundred thousand years from now. Until then—the stone is not for us. It is Karma.'

"Far into another land he wandered, ever trying for the same end. Gravely they listened, quietly they spoke: 'Peace be with you. When the Lotus ceases to bloom and our Sacred River runs dry, come to us. Until then we need not the stone.'

"Over the seas unto another land he went, for fully he believed that there they would hear and share with him. The many days of wandering and the long journey across the sea had made him thin and ragged. He had not thought of this, but as he told his story he was reminded of it and many other things, for here the people answered in many ways and not always gently.

"Some listened, for his story was new to them, but the gem was uncut, and they wished it polished.

"Others paused and desired him to tell his story in their tents, for that would make them exalted and famous, but they wanted not the gem. As he did not belong to their tribe, it would bring discredit upon them to receive anything from him.

"One paused to listen and desired some of

the stone, but he desired to use it to elevate his own position and assist him in over-reaching his fellows in bartering and bargaining. The Wanderer was unable to give any of the stone to such as this one.

"Another listened, but inasmuch as the Wanderer refused to make the gem float in the air, he would none of it.

"Another heard, but he already knew of a better stone, and was sure he would find it, because he ate nothing but star-light and moon-beams.

"Another could not receive any of the stone or listen to the story, for the Wanderer was poor and ragged. Unless he was dressed in purple and fine linen and told his story in words of oil and honey, he could not be the possessor of the gem.

"Still another heard, but he knew it was not the gem. As the Wanderer had been unsuccessful before, surely he could not have found the stone. Even had he found it, he could not have the proper judgment to divide it. So he wanted none of the stone.

"Near and far went the Wanderer. Still ever the same. Some wanted it, but the stone was too hard, or not bright enough. He was not of their own people or was ignorant. He was too ragged and worn to suit their ideas, so they wanted none of the stone.

"Saddened, aged and heart-sore, he wander-

ed back to the land of the Wise Men. To one of these he went, telling of his journeys and that no man would share with him the magnificent stone, and also of his sorrow that he too must lose it.

" 'Be not troubled, my son,' said the Wise One, 'the stone is for you, nor can you lose it. He who makes the effort to help his fellow man is the rightful owner and still possesses the entire stone, although he has shared it with all the world. To each and every one to whom you have spoken, although they knew it not, you have given one of the smaller stones which you first found. It is enough. When the Master Stone is cut and polished, then is the labor of the fortunate possessor ended. The long journeying and weary wandering, the sorrow-laden heart and tear-dimmed eyes, have cut and polished your gem. Behold, it is a white and a fair stone!'

"Drawing it from his bosom, the Wanderer gazed into the wonderful light of the stone while an expression of great peace stole over his face. Holding the gem close to his bosom his eyelids closed and he fell asleep, a wanderer no more."

"Indeed, Socrates," I said, "your views are not practical. Such manners as you teach might be good in that good age called the golden, but are ill suited to this evil time in which we live. For my own part, when I am struck I must strike back, as best I may with tongue or steel, even as my ancestors have done before me."

"And did your ancestors do no wrong?" he asked,—"so that for you it is enough to be like them."

"Truly, Simonides was right," I cried. "It is not possible for any man not to do evil."

"In politics, at least," said Socrates, "and if he values life more than right."

"To be squared in every angle like the builder's marble is not human," I persisted. "I will not give my life to an idle ideal."

"You will give your life for Athens, Theramenes," he said very gently, "your soul is truer than your tongue—and this I have told you before."

"The end," I asked,—"is it now so near?" And my heart was suddenly sad.

"I think it is not far away," he answered.

"Oh, Socrates!" I exclaimed, earnestly, "I

have found her—Gorgo, whom the voice promised me. She is now my own, my wife—and you tell me that the end of all is near."

"Did you not find her," he said, "in the path of duty? Still keep in the path of duty, and all shall be well with you at last."

"But Gorgo? I care nothing for the rest without Gorgo."

"Though you should lose your Gorgo for a season, if that be true and of the soul itself which binds you in one, the great circle of time will bring her back to you."

"You believe it, Socrates? I shall see her again—after death?"

"I believe it," he answered.

But I pondered upon my doom as the voice had once spoken it—my doom, that was now so near—and of all those weary cycles of waiting, and of the brand of infamy upon my name. And my heart wept within me, and my soul rebelled.

"Tell me, Socrates," I demanded, "can any man do otherwise than as it is fated?"

"If he could," he answered, "it would not be fated."

"Then," I said, "we but act our parts, and our lives are but a tragedy written by fate; we but seem to be punished, like the tyrant of a play, for crimes that we feign to commit because it is so written down for us. There is

neither good nor evil, nor joy nor pain, but only fate and feigning. It is all a delusion that we truly do or suffer anything, and Apteryx was right, and the gods are useless."

Then he said, "You have been in Syracuse, Theramenes."

"It was fated so, I suppose; I could not choose."

"And you have doubtless heard of Arethusa, who from a maid became a fountain, as they say."

"I have heard the tale; what of that?"

"I am old, and perhaps grow dreamy and fanciful. But let us suppose a strange thing. Let us fancy Theramenes changed in that same fashion to a fountain, yet still alive and conscious of his course, and then consider how it would seem to him."

"It is, indeed, a strange fancy, Socrates. But we will suppose it so."

"Suppose, then, you were the spirit of yonder fountain. Would you not leap up with joy because of some power within you that prompted you to leap, so that it would be your choice to leap in the sun?"

"It would seem so."

"And when you had leaped to your limit of strength, you would fall back, like one weary, and wish to rest in the quiet of the pool."

"I suppose so, Socrates."

"And in doing this you would act according to your nature, as being a fountain, and nothing except your own nature and the force within you would compel you to it; yet you could not do otherwise."

"So it seems, in truth."

"And now observe the little rivulet that flows from the fountain, and let your spirit flow within it. Does it not say to itself, 'I will here run swift and straight, because the slope is plain and easy,' and does it not in this obey its own impulse and do its pleasure? But yonder it hesitates before a rock, and ponders on which side to pass, and presently chooses the easier way because its mood is soft and yielding; yet in another place, because it is there more full of energy, it does not pause or turn at all, but rushes upon the stones and breaks over them. And both times, being alive, it would think, 'I do my will, as nearly as my strength and the rocks and the ground permit'; yet all the while, how could it do otherwise, being what it is? And so might not one who knew well its nature, and the ground over which it must flow, know also what course it would take, yet constrain it in nothing?"

"And is it so, Socrates, that the gods foresee our fate, and even warn us with voices, yet have not ordained it thus nor doomed us to that fate?"

"Can you doubt it, Theramenes? Is not all that is true of the spirit of the stream true also of the soul that is within you? That, too, obeys its impulse and does its will according to its strength, and even chooses its course according to its nature, yet being what it is cannot do otherwise than as it does. For to do otherwise would be to violate its own nature, and no longer to do its will. So, and so only, the soul is subject to fate."

"Then," I said, " how can any give help or guidance to another?"

"It would be little use," he answered, "if the soul were forced. Yet another might well remove obstacles, and clear the path and make it straight, so that the rivulet will choose to follow it; and by adding to its waters he might swell the stream and give it greater strength; or he might hinder and choke it with sand or mud, as some make foul the souls of others."

"Yet once—do you not remember, Socrates? —you told me that no other could truly harm the soul that in itself is good and pure."

"The waters of the soul may ever run clear and sweet again," he said, "despite all the mud that can be cast upon them, unless their own nature is brackish and bitter, like the soul of the Apteryx, as I fear. A soul like his indeed lives in a world of phantoms, but all its delusions are in itself and not in the things that are. Such a man as Apteryx walks amid reali-

ties yet lives in dreams—ill dreams—and his soul can never be awakened till the body sleeps. I grieve for Apteryx."

"But the gods? What of them, Socrates?"

"Do you think, Theramenes, that in your body there is a soul, which alone gives it life and keeps it from dissolution, but that in all this universe, so instinct with life and full of the shapings of thought, there is no soul to dwell in it and make use of all its forms as the soul within you uses the body? Do you not know that without the soul, which animates its every part, and which men call God by many names, this strange and splendid universe would speedily dissolve into the mindless chaos of its elements, even as the body falls to formless dust when the soul has left it?" And as he spoke these words, it seemed to me as if that very spirit were speaking by his lips. None other but Socrates, of all I ever knew, could have spoken so.

"Do you think," he went on, "that your eye can see to the limits of heaven, and your thoughts can leap in an instant from Syracuse to Babylon or from deep Tartarus to high Olympus, and yet that the eye of God cannot see all in a single glance, and his mind know all that is or was or ever shall be? Know, too, that he lifts the souls of men, as many as will look upon him, as the sun draws up the waters from the earth; and that which rises thus is

but their purest essence, for the slime and the salt and the bitterness are all left behind. Even the soul of that unhappy Apteryx, when the evil body that cases it has fallen away, may see this light that shines down from heaven, and at last be sweetened in its rays."

And so, all day, we talked of these and other things, with the cry of the birds above us and the spraying of the fountain spreading its whisper around us. It was late, and the firmament hung low with stars, when I went back to home and Gorgo. And she met me jewelled like the drooping sky.

# THE TALE OF THE TOWER

Some years ago I ran down to the Lakes of Killarney, but not for the purpose merely of seeing them as any other traveler. During my boyhood the idea of going there had always been before me, and in dreams I would often find myself on the water or wandering near by. After this had occurred many times, I procured photographs of the scenery and was quite surprised to find that the dreams were accurate enough to seem like recollections. But various vicissitudes took me to other parts of the world, so that I had passed my majority without having visited the place, and indeed, the decision to go there at last was not made until one day, while looking into a shop window in Dublin, my eye fell upon a picture of Killarney, and in an instant I was filled with a strong desire to see them. So I went on the first train and was very soon there, quartered with an old man who from the first seemed like an old friend.

The next day or two were devoted to wandering about with no purpose nor with very great satisfaction, for the place as a bit of country did not interest me after all my wanderings in many different climes. But on the third

day I went off into a field not far from the shores of one of the sheets of water, and sat down near an old well. It was still early in the afternoon, and unusually pleasant. My mind had no particular object before it, and I noticed an inability, quite unusual, to follow long a definite train of thought. As I sat thus drowsiness came over my senses, the field and the well grew gray but still remained in sight, yet I seemed to be changing into another man, and, as the minutes flew by, I saw the shadowy form or picture of a tall, round tower rising, some fifty feet high, just beyond the well. Shaking myself, this disappeared and I thought I had fought off the sleepy feeling, but only for a moment. It returned with new intensity.

The well had disappeared and a building occupied its place, while the tall tower had grown solid; and then all desire to remain myself disappeared. I rose with a mechanical feelling that my duty, somehow or other, called me to the tower, and walked over into the building through which I knew it was necessary to go in order to reach the tower. As I passed inside the wall, there was the old well I had seen upon first coming into the field, but the strange incident did not attract my attention, for I knew the well as an old landmark. Reaching the tower, the steps wound up before me to the top, and as I mounted them a voice quite

familiar called my name—a name not the same that I owned to upon sitting down near the well, but that did not attract my attention any more than the old well inside the wall. At last I emerged upon the top of the tower, and there was an old man keeping up a fire. It was the eternal fire never yet known to have gone out, and I out of all the other young disciples alone was permitted to help the old man.

As my head rose above the level of the low rim of the tower, I saw a calm and beautiful mountain not far away, and other towers nearer to it than mine.

"You are late," said the old man. I made no reply, as there was none to make; but I approached and showed by my attitude that I was ready to go on watching in his place. As I did this it flashed across me that the sun was nearing the horizon, and for an instant the memory of the old man with whom I had lodged came before me, as well as the express train to be reached by cart, but that faded out as the old watcher looked into my brain with his piercing eyes.

"I fear to leave you in charge, was his first remark. "There is a shadow, dark and silent, near you."

"Do not fear, father," said I; "I will not leave the fire nor permit it to go out."

"If you do, then our doom is sealed and the destiny of Innisfallen delayed."

With those words he turned and left me, and I heard his foot-fall no more on the winding stairs that led below.

The fire seemed bewitched. It would hardly burn, and once or twice it almost paralyzed me with fear, so nearly did it expire. When the old man left me, it was burning brightly. At last it seemed that my efforts and prayers were successful; the blaze sprang up and all looked well. Just then a noise on the stairs caused me to turn round, and to my surprise a complete stranger came upon the platform where none but the guardians were allowed.

"Look," said he; "those fires beyond are dying out."

I looked and was filled with fear to see that the smoke from the towers near the mountain had died out, and in my sudden amazement rushed to the parapet to get a nearer view. Satisfied that what the stranger said was true, I turned to resume my watch, and there, O horror! my own fire was just expiring. No lights or tinder were permitted there; the watcher had to renew the fire by means of the fire. In a frenzy of fear I leaped to new fuel and put it on the fire, fanned it, laid my face to it and strove with maddened gasps to blow the flame up, but all my efforts were vain— it was dead.

A sickening dread seized me, succeeded by a paralysis of every nerve except those that aid

the hearing. I heard the stranger move toward me, and then I recognized his voice as he spoke. No other noises were about, all was dead and cold, and I seemed to know that the ancient guardian of the fire would return no more, that no one would return, that some calamity had fallen.

"It is the past," the stranger began, "you have just reached a point where you failed to feed the fire ages ago. It is done. Do you want to hear of these things? The old man has gone long ago, and can trouble you no more. Very soon you will be again in the whirl of the nineteenth century."

Speech then returned to me and I said, "Yes, tell me what this is, or has been."

"This is an old tower used by the immediate descendants of the white Magicians who settled on Ireland when England's Isle had not yet arisen from the sea. When the great Masters had to go away, strict injunctions were left that no fires on these towers were to go out, and the warning was also given that, if the duties of life were neglected, if charity, duty and virtue were forgotten, the power to keep these fires alive would gradually disappear. The decadence of the virtues would coincide with the failure of the fires, and this, the last tower, guarded by an old and a young man,

would be the last to fail, and that even it could save the rest if its watchers were faithful.

"Many years elapsed, and the brilliant gem placed upon the mount of Innisfallen blazed both by day and night until at last it seemed to fade a little. The curious sounding-stones, now found in Ireland, were not so easily blown; only when a pure and faithful servant came down from the White Tower did the long, strange and moving sounds float over the mountains from the stone placed near the mount on which was the gem. Those stones had been used by the great magicians, and when the largest of them all, lying near the great White Tower, was sounded, the fairies of the lakes appeared; when the stone of the mount was blown together with that at the White Tower, the spirits of the air and the water ranged themselves obediently around.

"But all this altered, and unbelief crept in while the fires were kept up as a form.

"You were relied on with the old man. But vain dreams detained you *one* hour beyond your appointed time on this fatal day, now in the past but shown you by my special favor. You came, but late. The old man was compelled to wait, but still feared to leave you, for he saw with prescient eye the dark finger of fate. He descended the stairs, and at its foot fell down and died. Your curiosity then drew you at the exact fatal moment to look at yonder

tower, although you knew the prophecy and believed it. That moment decided all—and, poor boy, you could not hold back the iron hand of destiny.

"The fire has gone out. You returned to the floors below; at the foot of the stairs you saw them carrying off the old man and——"

At this point I saw the shadowy waving shape of the tower; the building had disappeared, the well was beside me, and I was in the field again. Oh!

# THE ETERNAL MIRACLE

In these grim and frost bitten days I love to remember a little butterfly farm in a sunny bay window late last autumn. There amid the falling leaves, the patter and gurgle of rain on low eaves, or the solemn drip from the black pines on the graves of June roses—there we watched some gauze-imprisoned worms, brave fellows in black velvet and gold vesture, working out the eternal miracle of Death-in-Life. Even brighter skies, the pipe of winds and autumn banners flaring from the hills, could not tempt us out while the wonder was still in hand.

The captives fed grossly on milkweed for a while, journeyed, hobnobbed, regarded the world, reached a period of fevered activity in which they knew not pause nor rest, then found a secluded spot and concluded to remain there. Fierce was their anger at any fellow who drew near or disturbed them, savage on its own scale as the wrath of the lion, while they deposited their worldly store in the shape of a little white gluten, sparkling like saccharine crystals and exuded from the proboscis upon the gauze roof. When sufficient had been deposited to form a tiny spike-like projection, the worm

ceased to work it with the head and moved slowly over it until it could insert the spike into a minute opening in the end of the body or tail. Giving due time to the gluten to harden and become fixed there, after several essays the worms finally let themselves gradually down until they hung suspended in air from the spike of gluten, now hard as a gravel granule and firmly rooted in the tail.

Vibration after vibration ran through every coil now in double series, one series from head to tail, another from tail to head. The vibrations increased in rapidity during the period of twenty-four hours, when at last a violent effort is visible and with body movement and quick head strokes combined the worm cracks open at the back, feverishly and rapidly "shuffles off this mortal coil" of black and gold, which falls to the ground, leaving a light green worm momentarily visible. Only momentarily; this renewed creature doubles itself up, joins head to tail, working the neck around the spike of gluten; the head falls off, the doubled up body is all fused together by the same vibratory movement, and in two minutes or less there hangs from the gauze an exquisite smooth green satin casket, which an exudation presently studs with gilt nails around its dome-shaped top, closing it, I know not how.

The effort of these two minutes is really something terrible to witness, yet the work is

accomplished with supreme ease after all, when we consider the marvelous consummation. This casket, erst the inner (second) body of the creature, is now in process of becoming a mere casement for the mysterious germ sleeping within. During two weeks it becomes more and more translucent, its fiber is gradually assimilated, and the bright wing markings and color dots of the third form are at last visible beneath the thin shell. Some fine morning towards noon (in some dozen observed) this shell cracks at the back, a winged, brilliant creature lets itself down from the shrivelling isinglass-like case, slowly unfolds, like a flower, and like the flower clasps the stem; for still it grasps the case. Not at once does it relinquish the abandoned habit, remember. All earthly dross must be purified from the creature of the skies. So while he vibrates still more tremulously than ever before, waving and trying his wings, there is a drip, as of life blood, from his quivering body. This over, he rests, and we ask, why does he not fly?

Hours after, he is seen to suddenly lift his head. The divine thought has touched him! With instant recollection and power he rises, makes an exultant dash for the blue regions, and soars in ever widening circles, lost to us, discovered anew to life. Never have I seen any thing more inspired than the electric swiftness of that instinct, coming so suddenly

to all. We have placed them on the pines in resinous sunshine, or upon the flowers; they will not stir until they hear the soundless admonition; they wait for the ripe moment of the Law; so they never falter in that strong flight We have lost sight of them, but wide-eyed Science has seen that they presently return to the terrestrial fields, and, full of heaven's sweet essences, have birth in other lives.

This stage of their journey, this visible passage from the first to the third form by means of an essential coupling or link, is most beautiful and typical. Go into your gardens when the year swings round again; gather milkweeds and captives; net them in airy gauze, and nature will teach you how the soul emerges from husk after husk. She will teach you Reincarnation; she will show what a broad scope of change is necessary and appointed to all growth; she will demonstrate that resistance to this Law on any plane is retardation, while as yet only an incipient, encrusting habit; is Death eternal when the habit becomes fixed in the petrified soul.

This was the eldest son who went to his father and said, "My younger brother is wiser than I. He was born with a contented mind, and his thoughts have remained always in order. Let him be in my stead. He will conserve all things and do justice."

"What is it that you wish to do?" asked the father.

"I desire another wisdom and I cannot find it here."

"What is this wisdom which you seek, and where can it be found?"

"I do not know what it is, nor where it can be had. But it must exist, otherwise how could I have any hunger for it, and if it cannot be found, how could the hunger persist?"

The old Brahman spoke.

"Many have felt as you feel, my son; Kings' sons and others; but always it arises in those who have too much or too little. It is not good. Make an offering, perform sacrifice and seek communion with the gods. Siva is terrible. Vishnu is great. Brahma is all-powerful. Make search for Brahma. He is here as well as there. He is not found by journeying."

Kavala answered, "Make audience, then, for

me with Brahma, that I may ask this wisdom." But the old priest shook his head. "Not even a Brahman can do that. Each must find Brahma for himself. All the books say that."

Kavala asked again, "But this wisdom that the books tell of, from whence does it come? The dried figs give food, but they do not produce fig-trees. Their seeds will not germinate. All that I have learned from the books is but a dried fruit. Where is the tree?"

"Be content that the tree must exist," said the King, "for you have eaten of its fruit. By learning you may instruct others in the things that have been, and govern wisely in the things that are. A King's son must rule in his kingdom."

"What is my kingdom," said Kavala, "if I gain not this wisdom?"

So, after many days and much leave-taking, Kavala went his unknown way. At first he was tempted to repent, for at the time of parting the things of his life that had seemed of small account and unable to satisfy his emptiness, took on hues of great value, and his thirst for the unkown wisdom might well be but a strange fever, and the wisdom itself no more than a mirage in the mind of a sick traveler.

Wherever he went, he found all men contented with the dried fruit of their ancient wisdom, now become learning so great that every-where there were temples in which priests

dwelt who did naught but repeat to the hungry from the books they studied. Yet nowhere could he find where wisdom grew afresh as once it grew in days of old.

When Kavala was come to forty years, half his life had been passed in this wandering and he was no wiser than before he had forsaken his possessions for this rudderless quest.

Each year, on the day of his departure, he had been accustomed to walk far and go to pass the night alone in the forest, to meditate upon his journey's object, and to scan his long wanderings. Always, it might be, he had been near to wisdom, or to the place where wisdom might be had, and perchance have been diverted in his thoughts for a moment, so that had wisdom's voice been there, he had not heard. Each year, however, though his long path appeared before him, clear in all its details like a vision by lightning, he had been able to assure himself that at no single moment had he forsaken his object, but always his invisible goal had kept his mind's eye sealed to its reckoning.

Once, as the end of his seventh year drew nigh, he had felt a great sadness and longing and a sense of failure so keen that he thought he heard laughter—the bitter laughter of mockery, but he knew it was only the creak of his aching body, and he knew that wisdom was not to be found in any appeal of the senses, whether in the joys and softness of a king's

son, or the weary bones of a wanderer. A meteor had flashed across the heavens through the tree-tops, like the waving of a signal torch. But when he looked—for who knew whence wisdom might descend?—only the darkness touched him with familiar kindness, so that it might have been but a light in the head. Nevertheless, he had felt an accession of faith and of hope like a drink to the soul from some spring not of earth.

Again, on the night of his fourteenth year, he had thought to drop the ragged mantle of his body, now worn and frayed in the fruitless struggle. A storm raged in the forest, and the rain drenched his chilled members and hid itself ceaselessly in the drinking earth. Almost he yielded to the thought that wisdom cannot be had upon this earth, which drinks and is ever parched. It would seem that only those who die can hope to find wisdom, since all the wisdom that is spoken of in the books has come down from those long since dead. Suddenly a star shone, vivid and bewildering. Not white, not red, but a great golden softness, as if the immense darkness were but a rent curtain on the other side of which lay shadowless light. But when Kavala rubbed his eyes to see, the star was no more there, and he could not say that it might but be the will-o'-the-wisp of some dreaming flecked from his great lassitude and weakness. Nevertheless, a forgetfulness of his

pains and disappointments came upon him, and his long journey seemed reasonable and sure to come upon its wished-for issue.

Now on this twenty-first ending of his years of fruitlessness, there stood sudden and sharp before his consciousness, defined with unrelenting vigor, two pictures, one on either side of that emptiness like the hollow center of a flame, which was his goal. There stood, like a beautiful torch, himself, eldest son of the king, fair youth in the midst of all the tenure that men covet, and this youth gazing with flaming yet wistful eye, straight into the heart of the flame. On the other side of the unpierced blackness of the fire's midst, the bent, wan, blackened torch of what had once been a man, and this he knew, as his steps carried him slowly forward, to be none other than himself. Kavala, though he saw both figures, nevertheless kept his gaze steadfast on the dark emptiness which was the center of the flame. "It is the fuel of the flame," he said, not knowing that he spoke, but a peace entered him as the pictures vanished —a peace that he had never known.

In the margin of the forest Kavala met a Bhikshu at the crossing of three paths.

The mendicant spoke.

"What do you seek in the jungle, King's son?"

"I seek wisdom," replied Kavala.

"No King's son can ever find wisdom," said the Bhikshu in a voice which fell hollow and dry, like peas in a beggar's bowl.

"I gave up my estates to go in search of wisdom," said Kavala in the tone of respect which is used toward a holy man.

"Then why did you answer when I said, 'What do you seek in the jungle, King's son?' If you had given up your estate you would not have known that I spoke to none other than you."

Kavala bent forward respectfully and took the mendicant's bowl in his two hands.

"Let thy chela go forth and beg food for thee," he said, "for I have found thee, O my Master."

## THREE WHO SOUGHT OUT THE WAY

Word had gone forth over all lands "that all who sought earnestly and in the true manner should find the way to the mysterious Temple of the Veiled Goddess."

Three kings of the land, moved by the power of the words, determined that they also would become students and reach the goal.

Intu, the Illustrious, making ready for the search, deemed nothing else could be more potent in his quest than the seal of his kingdom. Thereupon he bound on his forehead the Great Seal, a hawk.

Kour, the Magnificent, making ready for the way thought nothing could be more powerful in his searching than the seal of his kingdom. Making ready, he bound upon his breast the Great Seal, a golden heart.

Kadmon, the Sorrowful—a king only by sufferance, for his kingdom consisted only of that which the others did not value—Kadmon deemed it wise also, inasmuch as they would all journey together, to take his seal; which was the two others in union; but furthermore, he blindfolded his eyes.

The three passing onward encountered many strange and unfamiliar things, for the road

was new, and no wayfarer could know more than one step onward, which was the one he was then taking. Upon each side, and frequently in front, barring the way, were curious objects, sometimes pleasant and agreeable, but more often quite the reverse. The foliage of the trees was new and strange, while the fruits were perplexing in their incongruity. At times the same fruits grew on different sorts of trees while at others the same sort of trees bore entirely dissimilar fruits. The path which they were pursuing was quite the opposite of an ordinary one, for before them it was visible but one step, while it stretched far into the distance behind them. Intu, however, had already made all plain to himself by a process of reasoning entirely his own. It was, that these things being the direct opposite of all in his own country which he ruled, therefore they could only be caused by someone different from himself—a superior being, that being must be the Goddess —therefore they were upon the right path, at least he was.

Kour thought these things delightful, they were so strange, so new. In fact, they were phenomenal and he loved phenomena. They gave him such queer sensations, and anything which did that or made him feel other than when in his own land—must be caused by the Goddess. Oh, yes, they were on the right path,

at least he was. As for Kadmon, he seeing none of these things, could only judge by that which he remembered of his own country. Each of the others told him of their existence in their own way. This was confusing. He determined, therefore, to walk onward as if he were in his own land, but to press steadily on. They were thus in reality treading three separate paths, and in their several ways they passed many persons who had stopped to rest—to eat or sleep—or because the way was dark and difficult—some because they were too poor, others because they were ill, foot-sore or blind. Intu lost some time, for he stopped to argue with many on the peculiarities of the way and the logical reasonableness of it, but he had no time to pause for aught else.

Kour felt for the wayfarers, he was sorry for and loved them. If they would only feel as he did they could go on easily, but he had no time to stop to make them feel that way.

Both Intu and he had all such people in their own lands. There was no time to waste on natural things. It was the supernatural in a metaphysical or soul-stirring way they sought.

And Kadmon, the Sorrowful, paused. In his land these were to be found also. He, too, realized the reasonableness of the way. He, too, loved it and was exalted by it. He, too, felt for and loved the other wayfarers. He did

more—he sorrowed for them. What mattered it if he did not find the temple immediately, he was young, the others growing old and blind, they were sorrowful and weary. So he stopped and gave his thoughts and help to the ill, cheering the weary, helping the poor, and, blindfolded as he was, led the blind over the step he had just passed. So interested did he become in these labors he forgot he was himself seeking the Goddess.

It was but a little distance farther on that they caught up with Intu, which was not surprising, as he had reached the end of his path. It had ended at a stone wall. As he could not scale the wall, he sat down to reason "why an ordinary stone wall should obstruct such an extraordinary path." Being a very perplexing intellectual problem—there he remained. A little farther and Kour was passed. He had encountered a radiant maiden, partially veiled, who told him wonderous tales of strange happenings. Her manner was very mysterious, and he felt she was the Goddess. Taking her hand in his and leaning his head upon her bosom, he was so happy that he knew she was the Goddess and there he remained to dream.

And Kadmon, tarrying with the sorrowful and weary, felt the bandage slip from his eyes, as the light from the rising sun streaming in red and gold over the path fell upon and glorified the ragged wayfarers. In the brilliance

over their heads he read the words: "This way lies the path to the Temple," while a soft voice breathed into his soul: "By the way of Intu alone, the path is not found. By that of Kour alone, it is not gained. Both wisely used in unison are guides while on the road. By something, which is greater than either only is the Temple reached. Work on."

And the Sorrowful, taking in his own, the hands of the weary and weak, passed on.

## FROM THE BOOK OF IMAGES

Imri, following the path, entered the fog of bewilderment. This is always a place where two roads meet. One road seemed the most inviting. It stretched away, smooth and fair, mounting evenly to brilliant skies, and at the summit line he could see Imri jeweled with light, the beacon of guidance for the multitude of men.

This was the reflection of the Imri of dreams cast upon the screen of time, and is caused by the light of the Soul being broken and scattered by the myriads of desires in the heart. Imri did not know this. Full of zeal to be of service to all souls his gaze was turned outward, thinking other souls separate from himself. The traitors of delusion that ensnare the steps of men were known to him. He had seen them in others and was constantly warning against them, pointing all men to the path of the One Self. But since there is no separateness at all, these traitors of delusion were in the heart of Imri also, making merry in the fire of Imri's devotion. This Imri did not dream. Only those who are awake in the midst of dreams know this. To those who are not awake the

dream path, and the path of the real seems like a troubled dream.

Imri spoke to his preceptor, whose steps were moderated to his own.

"This is the path"; and Imri turned to the left.

When Imri had chosen and entered the path the Guru walked behind him. After a time this was observed by Imri.

"Master, how is this? In the beginning, when first I found you, it was you who walked before. Then, I remember, for a time we walked side by side. Now, though the way is fair and broad, your steps lag, and it is I who lead."

"This path is of thy choosing, not mine. I but go with thee a little way."

"Is not this the path of the Self?"

"All paths are the Path of the Self," replied the preceptor, "the Self in each chooses its own path. There is no other way."

Imri was troubled, and reproved his preceptor.

"I do not understand you. These are dark sayings. You, who are my preceptor, should enlighten me. I desire only to learn."

"This is the path of learning," answered the Guru, not answering Imri's reproach.

Imri was vexed in his heart, thinking the Guru was devoid of sympathy, or weary of

journeying, or perhaps had misunderstood him. He knew that those who are devoid of sympathy grow weary, and that weariness and lack of sympathy make one misunderstand. He felt compassion for the preceptor. His vexation left his heart and he turned in sympathy to the Guru to speak friendly words. But the preceptor seemed a great way off, so Imri waited till his preceptor should draw near again. But though he waited a space the Guru seemed no nearer. Vexation rose again in the heart of Imri, calling attention to the delay in the journey, and suggesting that it would be better to proceed, so as to prepare shelter at the day's end for the preceptor. Imri felt a glow of satisfaction in this thought, and resumed his march.

derings together and his memory sped him over the days of their acquaintance, even to the beginning. His heart warmed in the immediate memorial presence of benefactions received. From the fire of his gratitude the traitors of delusion fled in haste.

Imri rose and retraced his steps out of gratitude to the preceptor, to find him and aid him to shelter. In all this Imri had no thought other than gratitude, for desires still lay hid in his heart. Imri did not know this, and therefore did not dream that he had strayed from the Path through wrong choosing. In dreams the path of the dream is the true path. The real is the path of waking. Nevertheless the path of waking lies through dream. How could it be other than this, if the life of men is a dream? Imri did not know that the ladder to waking from dreams lies in gratitude. He felt only his gratitude, not knowing where it leads and not thinking.

Shukra, the star of evening, lighted his path. Before this star set Imri found the preceptor. Imri thought that the Guru had hastened his steps, finding him quickly. This was not true, for the preceptor had not moved. Only Imri had marched long and returned. Without moving is the journey on the path for those who have found the Path. Long is the journey of those who search for the Path. Desire had taken Imri on the day's march. Gratitude had

cut with a sword the return. Imri found the Guru again through gratitude.

"I thought I had lost you, my Master. Where have you been in the day? We must hasten our steps to the shelter I have prepared for you and for me. Let me help you the rest of the way."

"Look," said the preceptor, smiling tenderly.

Imri felt a great lassitude, from relief at finding the preceptor, and from his long march. He looked where the Guru was looking, over the path he had followed and from which he had returned. Beneath the gaze of the preceptor all things were clear in the darkness of the night, and clear in the languor of Imri.

Imri saw that the path he had followed was the myriad path of the desires hid in the heart, made golden by the light of the soul. The far summit of his dreams was the egotism of the head, desiring eminence. The multitudes for whom he had seemed as a beacon of guidance were other men following dreams like himself. Each one of the multitude saw himself as Imri had seen himself. Each aspired to the path, and each saw himself leader of men.

Then humility was in the heart of Imri, and the sorrow of all souls was his, for he saw that the path he had followed led ever downward and that most men walk that way, following their dreams, thinking their dreams the path.

"Look further," said the Guru, speaking kindly.

Imri saw a strange thing.

Constantly, at each step that they took, there sprang up before each man of the multitude two paths, one broad and full and fair seeming, pointing straight ahead in the line of their desire; the other, mounting steep and abrupt, seemed to end, or be swallowed in darkness. Few gave even one glance at the steep path. Most entered at once the fair way, which seemed straight, but which turned to the left.

"Master, teach me the meaning of this symbol. Why do all choose the smooth road, and none try the rugged path?"

"Dreams are born of the desires which are hid in the heart. All seek to enter the path, but they follow the voice of desire which is golden and sweet and enticing, luring men on. The path is the service of soul. When men aspire to enter the path, desire dreams an easy path."

"Why do not the Masters and Gurus restrain them, and show them the path of duty?"

"It is the Master in the heart of each, which offers at each step that men take, the steep path you have seen."

"Can not men see the true path?"

"They see, but they do not consider because of the desires hid in the heart."

"Why do not the Masters speak, showing the true path?"

[*From the Book of Images*]

"In their dreams, desire, clothed in the light of their souls seems to them the Master, and the voice of the Guru seems but a dream, hard and unfeeling."

"Can nothing be done to awaken these souls wrapped in the images of desire?"

"In their dreams they choose always the road that seems fair and smooth. But the myriad desires bruise their feet. Then they consider and listen."

"Ah," said Imri, "even as I was bruised and came to thee, my Preceptor, in the beginning."

"I was with you always," answered the Guru, "for whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine."